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THE ALTERNATIVE

VOL. 4 NO. 4 FEBRUARY, 1971 TWO SHILLINGS (25)

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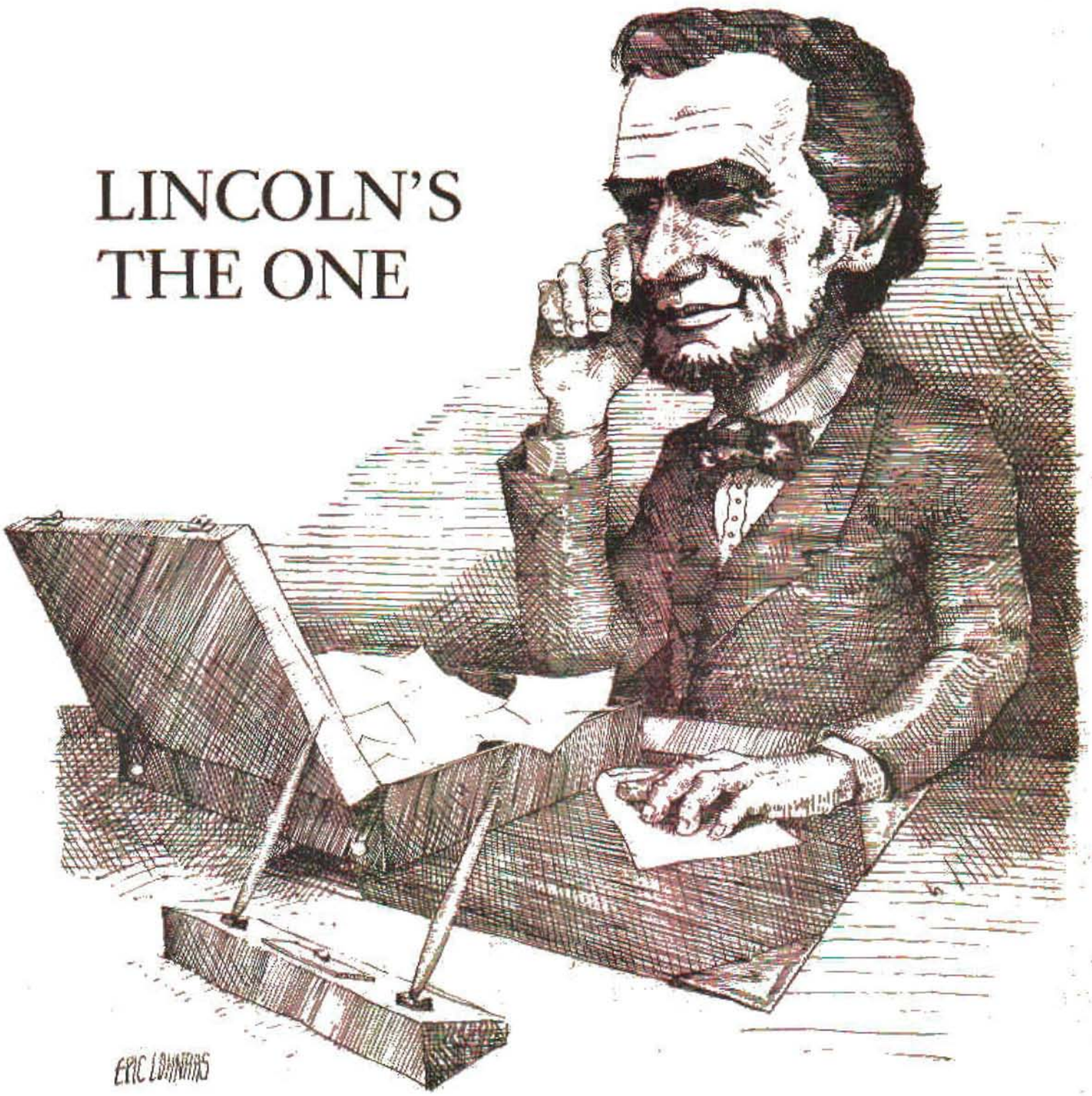

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin -- the question of sex is still in committee.

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The Alternative was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club which publishes it from September through June. Subscriptions cost $4.00, and all correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to **The Alternative**, C/O The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

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Editorial I

The Mightiest Itch of All

The scene is the hallowed chambers of the United States Senate and, in a nation fraught with turmoil and distrust, that august body is deliberating the Nation's destiny. In the very chamber where Daniel Webster brilliantly debated the cunning South Carolinian, Robert Y. Hayne, sundering forever historic alliances and illuminating the young Union's deep fissures, the magisterial figure of Senator J. Caleb Boggs rises. In a grave voice drawn out dramatically by his deep southern drawl, he addressed the President Pro Tempore of the Senate. Silence... as history unfolds.

> Mr. President, the Senate will soon take up for consideration H. R. 12943, a bill to extend the Jellyfish Control Act of 1966 for another three years. I wish to state my strong support for this bill and to urge its passage by the Senate.
>
> In these days when we are paying special attention to the problems of environmental quality, it is important to recognize that jellyfish, like polluted water, threaten to destroy some of our coastal waters for the use of fisherman.

And this is about the way that noisy assemblage, the Ninety-First Congress, attended the affairs of State. The same chamber which once witnessed the likes of

(continued on page 20)

The Continuing Crisis

Senator Edward (Teddy) Kennedy again made headlines, this time for being beaten by Senator Robert Byrd in an attempt to maintain his position as the Senate's assistant Majority Leader. Voters of Edgartown, Massachussetts agreed to appropriate $1,000 to repair the bridge at Chappaquiddick island which has been ravaged by souvenir hunters. And Senator Kennedy was in a sibylline humor on 30 January when he expressed the view that the 1972 Democratic ticket would be Muskie-Stevenson. Just prior to the Senator's statement President Ahmadou Ahidjo reported that the ten-year-old revolt in the Cameroon had been virtually crushed.

Meanwhile President Nixon delivered the one hundred and eighty-fifth State of the Union Message calling for a "a new American Revolution" but then backing off somewhat and merely proposing: A) consolidation of seven of the eleven Cabinet agencies into four new departments, B) extension of sixteen billion dollars of general purpose grants to the cities and states and C) expenditure of one hundred million dollars on cancer research and allied health programs. Also, he spoke movingly about the environment and resolutely about his Family Assistance Plan. The speech was received warmly and the chairman of the House committee which would have to pass the departmental reorganization plan termed Mr. Nixon's proposals "pure bull." He is Mr. Chet Holfield.

It was reported that 1970's rate of inflation dropped from the 1969 level of 6.1% to 5.5%, and the National Bureau of Standards reported that women's body measurments have grown in the past 32 years. Chancellor Alan M. Cartter of New York University informed a meeting of educators in Chicago that the demand for Ph. D.'s would slacken for the next twenty years, and in Chicago came the report from the regional Bureau of Census that by 1985 there would be fifty percent more students in college. On 5 January R.O.T.C. Facilities at Claremont Men's College experienced a firebomb. Former UCLA teacher, Angela Davis, spent her twenty-seventh birthday in the Marin County (California) Jail on charges she had endowed the arsenal used in a shootout that left four persons dead. At Berkeley, California a "War Crimes Investigation" conducted by students and "street people" found Dr. Edward Teller of the University of California "guilty" but managed to administer only part of their punishment which included "break(ing) Teller's windows, burn(ing) his house and kill(ing) him". President Brewster announced that Yale students could take up to thirty-five years to pay their tuition, and **U.S. News and World Report** asserted that there were 1,800 demonstrations, building seizures and cases of arson in 1970--along with eighteen "major riots." News arrived from Veces, Hungary that Karoly Szakallas bit off the ear of Janos Molnar in a disagreement. On the 28th of December Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee passed away, moreover Senator

(continued on page 21)

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THE ALTERNATIVE February, 1971

Radical Chic And The New Left

Terry Krieger

Cambridge, Massachusetts--In the 14 December issue of **Newsweek**, Stewart Alsop pronounces radical chic "dead." It passed away, he reports, because it was "silly, sickening, and boring." According to Mr. Alsop,"...radical chic—or the New Left, or call it what you will—was essentiallay a fad, and all fads die—"

It is true that all fads die—a fad is, by definition, ephemeral—but it is also true that fads can be revived by contemporary "sophisticates" who condescend to be amused by the popular culture of earlier generations, as with the phenomenon of Camp, or by organizations that hope to make money out of nostalgia, as in those television commercials during which entertainers of another era are brought out of cold storage to hawk records that allegedly contain "the best of the big bands" or that promise to recapture "those memory years." (My secret ambition, which I am revealing for the first time in **The Alternative**, is to become President of the Longines Symphonette Society.) Rock music from the Fifties and early and middle Sixties is currently experiencing a revival, as is illustrated by the success of the self-consciously unctuous Sha-Na-Na group and the renewed interest in Elvis Presley. One Boston FM station, WROR, now plays nothing but "Solid Gold Rock and Roll."

Whether a fad is appearing for the first time, being revived, or, as in the case of radical chic, moribund, it should be distinguished, at least for purposes of analysis, from a political movement. A fad may have a profound effect on a society's culture, but it can be ignored or rejected by non-faddists. A political movement strives to affect a state's political and social structure. The movement's programs are directed not only toward retaining old and recruiting new members but also toward influencing the thoughts and actions of people **not** in the movement, especially those in positions of power and authority.

Radical chic is a fad that celebrates certain radical groups and their activities, but it is not, as Mr. Alsop implies, equivalent to the radical movement or the New Left. Leonard Bernstein's party for the Black Panthers, which is now regarded as the epitome of radical chic, and Tom Wolfe's extraordinary article in **New York** about it are of interest primarily to intellectuals and writers in places such as New York, Cambridge and Berkeley. The party and the article give the intellectuals something to think (and gossip) about and the writers something to write about. Other Americans, which is to say most Americans, know of Leonard Bernstein from his television specials, in which he explains the mysteries of music for the benefit of children of all ages, but they have never heard of Tom Wolfe or **New York** magazine. My working-class neighbors in Cambridge have been utterly unmoved by the controversy over radical chic. It has not been a topic of conversation in their homes or at Spilewski's Market, George's grocery, Joe Gallagher's fruit stand, Reno's Sub Shop, Shea's Cleaners, or Edie's Bakery.

Weight Watchers and Spiro Agnew Watches

Although radical chic is associated with a political movement, it is essentially a fad, and, like other fads, for example, Weight Watchers, hula hoops, Beatlemania, and Sprio Agnew watches and T-shirts, it mainly affects only those people who want to be involved with it. This is not the case with political movements. The anti-Vietnam War movement and the "peace" movement (which are not in all instances the same, either in membership or intent), the civil rights movement, the ecology movement, and that collection of radical movements known as "the New Left" have influenced the nation's laws, its foreign and domestic policies, its political discourse, and its social atmosphere. Citizens who have not been members of these movements and who, in some cases, have been opposed to these movements' objectives have had to obey the new laws and adjust to the new political and social situations these movements have helped to produce.

When Leonard Bernstein holds a **soireé** for the Panthers, what happens is that Tom Wolfe writes an article, a controversy develops, and a fad starts to fold. On the other hand, when there is a march on Washington to promote civil rights legislation or to end the war, when there are riots that, as Professor Banfield (Edward Banfield, **The Unheavenly City**, Little, Brown) remarks, may be "mainly for fun and profit" but that quickly are explained and excused by some as justifiable acts of political protest, when there is a massive letter-writing or intense lobbying campaign, when a political controversy is picked up by the media, or when there are acts of terrorism, such as bombing--in other words, when a political movement of any significance takes action, whether legal or illegal, peaceful or violent—there may be a response that affects people throughout the society: a bill is passed or blocked; a policy is adopted or changed; politicians, who always are talking, talk some more or change the subject; and, if there has been disorder or violence, police and troops are called out.

Unlike a fad, which exists in and for the present, a political movement exists in the present but is committed to the future, at least its vision of the future. When a fad such as radical chic becomes unfashionable, many of its fans desert it without hesitation--parties for the Panthers are definitely **out** now. On the other hand, when a political movement such as the New Left suffers defeat, many of its members continue to support it, always hoping for future success, and even strengthen their commitment. Terrorism and other desperate tactics adopted by some New Leftists reflect both the failure of the New Left to attract substantial and enduring popular support and the stronger commitment of some New Leftists to the movement.

Of Appearances And Sympathies

When radical chic was flourishing, it contributed to a cultural atmosphere that led certain observers addicted to surfaces to conclude that the New Left had more support than it actually had. These observers believed that the radical chic set really was backing rather than flirting with the New Left. These same observers also viewed every young person with long hair and bell bottoms as a participant in a "youth culture" that is simply the cultural subdivision of the New Left. This conception of a New Left movement, drawing strong support from radical chic sophisticates and a militant youth culture, was put forth by certain journalists who are misled by appearances or their own sympathies and by certain social scientists who are ignorant of culture or, at least, confuse culture and politics and who get their information on the "youth culture" from journals and magazines written by people like themselves.

Now, with radical chic moribund and with some of these journalists and academicians belatedly discovering that, whatever their faults, all young people are not cheering Jerry Rubin or bombing federal buildings, it may be easier for more people to appreciate how little solid support the New Left has.

This does not mean the New Left is finished. Some segments of the New Left continue to engage in constitutionally protected political agitation. Other segments persist in disrupting universities, bombing the bastions and "trashing" the outposts of "capitalism and imperialism," and staging political executions, with police officers as favorite victims. And although radical chic is on its

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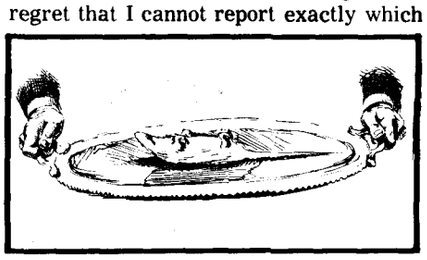
way out, many people still are exhilarated by all this. These people think the Black Panthers are heroic liberators rather than audacious thugs, cashing in on the guilt, fear, uninformed sympathies, and—in certain cases—viciousness of white liberals and radicals. They feel that we are all morally obligated to elevate Cesar Chavez to the position to which he aspires: Emporor of American Produce. They regard American cities as no more than collections of problems, even though most of them have chosen to live in the cities and have no intention of leaving. **The Unheavenly City** is an affront to their ignorance, and they view the book and its author, Professor Banfield, with contempt. They believe American society is sick and that its cure lies only in destruction or "radical surgery," even if destruction results in ruin without a competent doctor in the house. These people read **The New York Review of Books** and take **Psychology Today** seriously. They think Senator Fulbright understands international politics, U Thant is unbiased, and the UN is an institution where nice guys gather to promote justice and decency. Bobby Seale and the lovely Angela Davis are to some of them what George Burns and Gracie Allen were to an earlier generation of television and radio fans—although Burns and Allen had a better chance of starting a revolution than do Mr. Seale and Miss Davis. (Could it be that Timothy Leary is the Harry Von Zell of the New Left?)

All People Are Hypocrites

At least in some matters, all people are hypocrites—and that is fortunate, since we can bear almost anything except telling and hearing the truth—but the radicals in seminar rooms, the revolutionaries on editorial boards, and the activists in "community organizations" seem to go out of their way to cultivate hypocrisy. They talk revolution while enjoying the privileges and pleasures afforded them by a society they profess to abhor. In the morning, they denounce the system and, in the afternoon, they pick up their paychecks or welfare checks (given the jobs of certain people, it is often hard to tell the difference).

But while these people keep radical chic alive, they have not been able to prevent it from losing much of its appeal. As Mr. Alsop notes, since the appearance of Tom Wolfe's article, many writers and intellectuals have been abandoning radical chic with an alacrity that must be similar to that displayed by passengers on the **Titanic** when they discovered the ship was sinking. The December 1970 issue of **Commentary** blasts away at the counter-culture's pretensions and stupidities, about which people who had any direct contact with the counter-culture knew years ago. The writers in that issue react as might a man who has been taken in by the alluring photographs and fast talk of a Florida real estate promoter and who now learns the plot he has purchased is in the middle of a swamp. (Don't let these remarks put you off--like all issues of **Commentary**, the December 1970 issue is worth reading—Norman Podhoretz discovers the young are hypocrites like everybody else; Roger Starr undertakes the weeding of Charles Reich; David Bromwich, a Yale sophomore, writes an article you might expect from a Yale sophomore; and the poor old Scranton Report gets another kick in the teeth, this time from Professor Robert Nisbet.)

Even in a place such as Cambridge, where revolutionaries, radical intellectuals, and street people have dug in for the long battle against American society, radical posturing recently has not been accorded the applause it used to receive as a matter of course. Let me cite a few examples. The setting is the last lecture meeting of a course given at Harvard University this past fall. At the end of the meeting, the students applauded as the two professors who together had taught the course left the lecture hall (by the way,. the applause was for their teaching and not their departure). Just as the professors walked out, a husky girl student who had been sitting in one of the first rows jumped from her seat and rushed toward the front of the hall. Standing before the lecture platform, she began to harangue the students. She urged them to attend the SDS convention, which was scheduled to be held in Chicago late in December, and exhorted them to join the fight against American imperialism, colonialism, or racism in some place. I regret that I cannot report exactly which



evil and where, because the girl was firing off the clichés and slogans so rapidly that I could not catch them all as they whizzed past.

Besides, there was other noise in the hall. The students were not applauding or shouting "right on." They were putting on their coats and gloves; they were talking with their friends about the last lecture; many were hissing at the girl who was shouting at them: all of them were leaving.

With fanatical determination, the girl persisted until only a few students remained in the hall. I had seen her before. She is a regular participant in radical activities at Harvard and Radcliffe. She has the figure of a Mack truck; her face is invincibly plain; and she combs her dark brown hair back and to the sides so that it is straight and rigid. If she would let it fall down--and sometimes, for just a few minutes, she has let it fall down--she would look almost...but she will not let it fall down. That day she was wearing an off-white woolen sweater, on which she wore her Women's Liberation and other buttons, just as a general might wear his medals on his uniform as he reviews his troops. But on that day in that lecture hall, her troops were deserting. She was trying to do her little bit for the revolution, but the revolution simply was not taking hold with the intellectual proletariat, whose most urgent concern was to find the cheapest and quickest way to get home for the Christmas vacation.

(CFIA)

Some students are actively opposing the radicals when they engage in disruptive or violent protest. An instance of such opposition occurred on 15 December, when forty SDS demonstrators marched to Harvard's Center for International Affairs (CFIA). Radical students and faculty members want to close down the Center, whose programs, they claim, support American imperialism.

The 15 December march was not the first time some radicals had conducted a search-and-destroy operation against the CFIA. During the 1969-70 academic year, they gave a "tour" of the Center, during which they pointed out the offices of the Center's "war criminals." On another occasion, a large group of radicals and their supporters invaded and disrupted a luncheon meeting of the Center's Visiting Committee. After forcing the meeting to disband, some of the demonstrators followed certain members of the Committee and the Center's staff out of the building. They surrounded and shouted at them. One day, a band of Weathermen launched a brief raid against the Center. They scrawled slogans on the walls—one slogan explicitly suggested that the Center should be laid, which is an intriguing notion—and they fearlessly beat up a few secretaries and staff members who happened to be around. This academic year, a bomb exploded late one night in the Center's library. Fortunately no one was hurt and there was relatively little damage. An outfit of women revolutionaries calling itself the "Proud Eagle Tribe" took credit for the blast. This ruled out Tonto as a suspect, and the police have been searching for two young women, presumably tribal members, who were seen at the Center library the afternoon before the bomb exploded.

Radicals recently have been proclaiming that the Center has no "right to exist" and they have demanded that representatives of the Center try—in vain of course—to defend its right to exist in a public debate with representatives from SDS. On 15 December, the SDS marchers intended to enter the Center and demand of its Director, Professor Robert Bowie, that, in the words of an SDS leaflet, "the CFIA debate and explain why the Center should not be closed altogether."

As it turned out, the marchers did not even get a chance to demand of Director Bowie that, to promote clean air, he use Scope or, in the name of the American Dental Association, he brush with Crest. When they arrived at the Center around 12:30 P.M., they found on the Center steps twenty-five students, most of whom were associated with Young Americans for Freedom and the Harvard-Radcliffe Young Republicans. These students would not allow the demonstrators to enter the CFIA. It would have ruined the day for both sides if there had not been a confrontation, so, with the aid of bullhorns, the two groups yelled at each other for fifteen minutes.

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About 10:45 P.M., with both sides having had a good shout and the SDS still outside, the confrontation at the Center ended, but the "Radical Arts Troupe" of SDS was not calling it quits. They set off for Harvard's Freshman Union, where they planned to inflict themselves on the freshmen having lunch. At the Union, the Troupe attempted to stage two skits. Both skits got bad reviews from the captive audience--one freshman told me the skits were "very gross"—and both skits were disrupted. The first was disrupted when four YAF members led other students in singing Christmas carols; the second was ended when a freshman, Duane Jones, took the batteries out of the Troupe's bullhorn.

Mr. Jones told a reporter for **The Harvard Crimson**:

> If there is one guy in here who wants to eat and not listen to this, he has the right to ask them to leave--which I did at first--because they came in without permission.

Lest you think Mr. Jones is someone who worships tradition and sleeps with a night light on, you should know that he went on to characterize himself as "a radical person" who thinks the CFIA is "full of shit."

The indifference and even hostility of the students to the radical girl in the lecture hall, the opposition of students on both the left and the right to the radicals' efforts to close the CFIA by issuing demands, invading the Center, and barging into a student dining hall to stage lousy political dramas—these and other events indicate that radical students no longer can take it for granted that, in university areas such as Cambridge, other students automatically will come to their support. Some students who are at least partially sympathetic to the radicals' positions are not, if only for the time being, willing to be taken in by any radical appeal or to go along with any radical action. And some students who are not at all sympathetic to the radicals are no longer willing to let the radicals go unopposed.

This does not mean that students in Cambridge have developed a new affection for America or that intelligent criticism of the Administration's policies and American society has ended. Such criticism should not end. For example, the migrant farm workers, who are not fashionable and who do not have money to fly around the country attending parties and rallies where their misery is lamented, continue to live in wretched camps in Florida and elsewhere. They need help. To take another case where intelligent criticism may help us to eliminate a bad situation, Senator Sam Ervin and others have revealed that Army Intelligence and other government agencies have been keeping watch and keeping files on millions of citizens, including elected officials. This should concern all Americans who want to preserve liberty. It has reached the point where, to cite one example, a college administrator whom I know well, a law-abiding Quaker who has been active in the peace movement and who is not paranoid, refuses to talk about important matters over the phone because he believes his line is tapped.

In Criticism Of Famous Bounders

The Administration could profit from thoughtful criticism of not only its domestic but also its foreign policies. The American position continues to deteriorate throughout the world, especially in the Middle East, where our appeasement of the Soviet Union and its Arab clients and our shameful treatment of Israel have resulted in greater Soviet intervention and increased Arab intransigence. (For a provocative proposal about how to improve our position in the Middle East, see Charles Benson's article, "A Strategic Alternative?" in the 17 November 1970 **National Review**).

Although Harvard radicals cannot depend anymore on other students to rush to their side in any circumstances, they continue to be active and to score some successes. The Harvard administration has yielded to pressure from radical students and their supporters and agreed to spare all Harvard students the gastronomic and moral indigestion that comes from eating "scab lettuce." A few weeks ago, about one hundred students took over a course presided over by a radical professor, who, no doubt, had hoped the students would seize power—somewhere else. **The Harvard Crimson** continued to thrill its readers with stories about the evils of America and the Harvard administration. Its coverage of the Vietnam War is what you might expect from a student newspaper that last year editorially expressed its hope for a Viet Cong victory. The editors of the **Crimson** did not find so much as an inch of space to report or comment on the uprisings in Poland. I suppose they thought that, if you've seen one Eastern European insurrection, you've seen them all.

The radicals press on, but many of their erstwhile supporters have drifted away or even into opposition. I say "drifted" because they appear to be disenchanted with the radicals not because of an intellectual or moral rejection of their means and ends but because of an aesthetic revulsion at their style.

As Mr. Alsop points out, the radicals' show has become a bore. But show business is not a static profession. Perhaps the radicals can revive their show in the spring, when the thoughts of some turn to making love and causing trouble. The radicals may bring on new faces, raise new issues, and promote new causes, and if they do, they could have a success on their hands. So, we had better wait awhile before we order a casket for radical chic or dismiss the New Left as a significant political movement. I can remember remarking to friends about this time last year how quiet everything was. □

Great American Series

Liberals who want no revolution are forever trying to appease the revolutionaries in order to draw them near, to entice them back up on the raft. But when propitiating concessions are made in the face of violence or disruption, they validate the idea, so often put forward by all sorts of nonviolent people as a justification for violence, that ruthless direct action gets results. Thus they beget upending ruthless direct action. And in any event, as often as not, the propitiating concession is a capitulation to unreason.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Alexander M. Bickel

Arts and Letters

The Decency of E.M. Forster

Kent Owen

My maternal grandfather used to look up from the obituaries to observe to no one in particular, "I see that a number of great men have died recently, and I don't feel so well myself." Imagine then my own feelings of mortality in view of the recent deaths of Charles de Gaulle and Bertrand Russell. There was in both their lives and their persons a monumentality that overshadows men of less awesome mien, men whose achievements seem less grand, but may in fact be worth as much according to another set of values.

E. M. Forster, another man of advanced years and considerable distinction also died within the year. His accomplishments were fashioned on a different scale, one that more nearly approximates the range of experience of ordinary men. Like de Gaulle and Russell there was a certain nobility, even a heroism about Forster, but it was admittedly of a different order. His attributes were civilty, tolerance, kindliness, compassion, and in the largest sense, decency.

Decency, like moderation its kindred virtue, seldom seems the kind of quality that inspires others to acclaim it a form of heroism; yet it possesses greater staying power over the course of a long life than does the gallantry that is glamorous but momentary. Its elements are humbler and quieter, consisting of fairness, generosity and modesty; there is also the matter of humor which few heroes in their loftier moments of exertion can claim. In short, decency is a thoroughly humane and even homely virtue, unbolstered by the energies of titanic personages.

To speak of one as being a decent person is praise to be sure, but no trumpets flourish when that happens. Instead,

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something more like a gentle respect, empty of envy, comes to mind. And to mind it ought to come, for decency is the least visceral of qualities.

Nowadays, at least for Pied Pipers like McLuhan, Charles Reisch and Timothy Leary, the senses alone are the only things worth trusting. Hence that other kind of sense, the one that takes into account reason and considered experience, is pronounced stale and corrupt. What is most worth knowing must then be perceived without the bother of intellection, which, as one hears all too insistently, is a fraud and a delusion. Granted, this overstates the case, but then overstatement is the rhetorical ploy currently most likely to succeed.

Now that last assertion is both too cynical and too unreasonable for Forster to have used. He believed with Laotse that when one intends to slay a dragon, one should take care not to become that very dragon. His restraint was not born of academic timidity about having to verify all the facts and then gathering some more to verify; rather it grew out of his ingrained modesty about just how right a man can be. Whatever conclusion he may have reached, it remains apparent that self-righteousness never afflicted him. In fact, the opinions he was most likely to question were most often his own.

So far all that I have said about Forster I have said without quotation, apt or otherwise. At the time of Forster's death last June so many elegits were quick to pay his homage by extracing a few neat but quirky phrases from his writings in the hope that these shards would somehow do him justice. Although Forster is by no means innocent of handsomely turned lines, he declares himself in a singular voice, casual yet alert, through a pattern of carefully articulated impressions and reflections, which do not readily lend themselves to abridgement.

To say this of him is, of course, to stress his essays, certainly not to the exclusion of his novels and short stories, but to set off his non-fiction pieces as a more compelling revelation of his manner and presence. The essays in **Abinger Harvest** and **Two Cheers for Democracy** build up in the mind of the reader an image of a solitary observer, an amateur of human events and the arts, an attentive friend, a man of somewhat feminine sensibility whose perceptions are generally tempered by the monitor of moral judgement.

It was Henry James, I believe, who said that to make a perception is to make a judgment. I take this to mean that the very act of perceiving selects some things in experience in place of others, and that to do so, whether instinctively or rationally, is to assert a preference. One may assign such a choice to taste or prejudice, but the fact remains that Forster's characteristic response was in one way or another moral in nature in that it usually bore on some larger sense of good. The remarkable thing about his kind of response was its lack of priggishness. Risky as it is to link aesthetics with morality in any systematic way, the question of how the good can be realized does not confine the artist to a rigid set of prescribed practices and aims; in fact, it should be what freedom leads to, and Forster above all was dedicated to securing and advancing freedom.

Coming as he did from the Cambridge-Bloomsbury ethos that celebrated personal relations as the summum bonum, Forster gave to the characters he created in fiction and to his own persona in the essays a painstaking attention to the complexities of human conduct. That can, of course, be said of any writer who studies persons to portray them convincingly, but with Forster it is something rather different. His portraits are never etched in acid; there is no element of vengeance or malice or self-justification evident in the motives he discovers in their actions. Instead, the governing impulse is reconciliation, and even so, the result is often the recognition of opposing forces that cannot be brought together, as in his finest novel, **A Passage to India**. Hence, Forster examines the disparities and the paradoxes that separate human lives, not for the sport of pointing out what fools we mortals be, but for the harder matter of bringing about some manner of understanding and acceptance that will transcend the need to blame and punish.

A few critics have seen this reconciling, healing intention as an inadequate means of dealing with evil. The claim that Forster's moral universe is much too tidy and well-arranged is not altogether beside the point, for in his work evil is seldom regarded as an absolute and immutable force, working its will through irredeemable agents. Though Forster was not much for orthodox Christianity, he was, up to a point, far more generous in the matter of forgiveness than one usually expects from writers equipped with an active moral sense. Perhaps he knew too well that to understand everything is to forgive everything the semblance of evil notwithstanding. As Gerald W. Johnson has noted, there is a real distinction between hatred and contempt, for contempt implies a controlled, even humorous sense of what is wrong, and hatred allows no such fine shadings. Most often then, it is contempt that Forster expresses for those who sell man short, who violate his dignity or his privacy, who subject him to barbarities that reduce his freedom or thwart his humanity. But even these are errors of judgement or failures of understanding that will eventually be revealed and set right; no great injustice will go on forever.

If Forster is to be remembered for any single phrase, in this case one that forms its own context, it will probably be his epigraph to **Howard's End**, "Only connect," Wisdom is rarely put so succinctly, yet few insights have framed so clearly the job of the humanist. □

Kent Owen writes for National Instructional Television and teaches literature and mass communications at Indiana University. In his callow youth he founded the Conservative League at I. U.

Next Issue: George Nathan On Bird Watchers

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College Entrance Form-- 1975 Vintage

What follows is a model college entrance form secured for us by Miss Elizabeth Kristol, a student of Third Century Cabala at Nightingale-Bamford School in New York City. She informs us that according to her divinations of the drift of higher education this entrance form will be standard by 1975.

Note: To those of you who have gone to progressive grammar and high schools, please have a friend or parent fill out this form as you dictate. Thank you.

I 1. Name _____
2. Address _____
3. Telephone _____
4. Position (class rank) ☐upper ☐middle ☐lower ☐lowest
5. Father's Job ☐plumber ☐chicken plucker ☐rodent furrier ☐other
6. Mother's Job ☐other

II Why do you want to go to this college? (Circle one)
A. to achieve spiritual fulfillment and enlightenment
B. to find out who I really am (see part one) and what my purpose is on earth
C. it is the only remaining college with all its buildings and grounds intact
D. it is my sixth choice and no one else will have me
E. to obtain an education
F. to beat the draft
G. to defraud the public

III Courses (Circle one)
NOTICE:
We had planned to introduce into our progressive university a new and totally unique course, unlike any found in other colleges in the country. Entitled History, this would have been a non-credit, optional course, and anyone (regardless of race, color or creed) would be eligible to sign up. However, due to a lack of interest in the unusual, (only three people enrolled) this course will not be available.

A. glass-blowing
B. organic foods and their place in today's world
C. love and hate in today's society
D. the comparison of the Gangua religion of ancient Peru to the commercial religions in today's society
E. comparisons of the ideologies of some of the world's greatest philosophers, featuring Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Mohammed Ali and Charles Reich III, Leonard Bernstein and Jane Fonda
F. the art and mechanics of bomb-making
G. force and its crucial place on today's campuses

IV Please check the following books read in the past year
A. **How to overrun the Establishment and Remain Callous-free**
B. **The Red Caboose**
C. **John and Yoko's Pornographic Picture Book**
D. **Contemplation**, by I.F. Stoned
E. **Your Guru**, by Con Tem Plate
F. **Relevance**, by U.R. Dumm

V Politics
A. hard-core radical
B. revolutionary dove
C. bleeding-heart liberal
D. brutal hardhat

VI Hobbies
A. burning
B. looting
C. rioting
D. loving
E. (all of the above)
F. (all of the above and everything else)

VII If you are a conservative, why?
since when?
forced by whom?
When you get out of this rut, what are you going to do? (reform, repent, etc.)
What "job" do you want to attempt after dropping out of college?
How is this relevant to life?

VIII Write a brief, but extremely meaningful, and relevant essay on what kind of drum-beat you follow, what psyches you out, what turns you on, what's your bag, what makes you freak, what gets it all together, and the like.....
(due to your lack of achievement you may print.)

please attach a COLOR photo

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Reflections on Mr. Nixon

Daniel P. Moynihan
Counsellor To The President

Before returning to Harvard, Daniel Patrick Moynihan greeted his White House colleagues in the East Room and bid them adieu wherein he reviewed in a thoughtful address Mr. Nixon's first two years in office. As Mr. Moynihan has acquired a singular perspective by serving two very dissimilar presidents, (President Nixon and President Kennedy), and as he is one of the most eloquent men to be recently exposed to the humiliations of public life, we think his evaluation of Mr. Nixon's White House is piquant. Hence, we publish it below in its entirety.

Mr. President, Mr. Vice President, Members of the Cabinet:

I feel, sir, not unlike a character in one of the Disraeli novels of whom it was said he was a man distinguished for ignorance, as he had but one idea, and that was wrong. It was my presumption that after Secretary Rogers and Dr. Shultz had spoken there might be still something of very great import that I might say.

If that is not the case, I think it may be just as interesting to find how very consummate are the things which the three of us have chosen to say on this occasion, suggesting that there is some reality to which we are responding.

As the President has said, we are now in the middle of the journey. Where it will end we do not know. It is no longer even clear where it began, our senses having long since been dulled by the relentless excess of stimulus which is the lot of any who involve themselves in American government.

It may be of some use, then, to try to reconstruct the circumstances in which the President was elected, and formed his Administration, just two years ago.

It seemed the worst of times. It was the habit then to speak of the nation as divided, and to assert that the situation was grave beyond anything since the Civil War itself. This was misleading. The country was not so much divided as fragmented; it was coming apart. The war in Asia, undeclared and unwanted, misunderstood or not understood at all, pursued by decent men for decent purposes but by means, and with consequences, that could only in the end be heartbreaking, had brought on an agony of the spirit that had had no counterpart in our national experience.

The agony was elemental, irresolvable, and nigh to universal. No matter what one's view of the nation might be, events in Vietnam contradicted that view. Not long before the war in Asia began, a French Dominican priest wrote that "Either America is the hope of the world, or it is nothing." An astonishingly large cohort of Americans concluded, in the course of the 1960's, that it was nothing.

The agony of war was compounded by and interacted with the great travail of race which, once again, not so much divided as fractured the society. Racial bondage and oppression had been the one huge wrong of American history, and when at last the nation moved to right that wrong the damage that had been done proved greater than anyone had grasped.

An ominous new racial division made its appearance, and with it also a new sectional division, unattended and underappreciated, but not less threatening.

The economic vitality of the nation was imperiled. The war disrupted the economy and then dictated that the onset of peace would do so as well.

In such circumstances confidence in American government eroded. Government was not to be believed, nor was much to be expected of it. Save fear. Government had begun to do utterly unacceptable things, such as sending spies to the party conventions in 1968.

It all comes together in the story of the man who says, "They told me if I voted for Goldwater there would be half a million troops in Vietnam within the year. I voted for him, and by God they were right."

How then could it have been otherwise than that the election of 1968 would begin in violence and end in ambiguity? It was clear enough who had won, albeit barely, but not at all certain what had won.

Then came the President's inaugural address with its great theme of reconciliation, and restraint, and -- in the face of so much about which we comprehend so little -- reserve. "Few ideas are correct ones," wrote Disraeli, "and what are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men."

Those words of January 20, 1969, were and remain the most commanding call to governance that the nation has heard in the long travail that is not yet ended.

A Critique of Government

How, by that standard, would one measure the two years now past? Not, I think, unkindly. To the contrary, the achievement has been considerable, even remarkable.

In foreign affairs the nation has asserted the limits of its power and its purpose. We have begun to dismantle the elaborate construct of myth and reality associated with the Cold War. The war in Asia has receded, the prospect of arms limitation has gradually impressed itself on our consciousness, the possibility of containing the endless ethnic, racial, and religious conflicts that may now become the major threat to world order has become more believable as here and there things have got better, not worse. The prospect of a generation of peace has convincingly emerged.

In domestic matters events have been similarly reassuring. Far from seeking a restoration of outmoded principles and practices with respect to issues of social justice and social order, the President, on taking office, moved swiftly to endorse the profoundly important but fundamentally unfulfilled commitments, especially to the poor and oppressed, which the nation had made in the 1960's. He then moved on to new commitments to groups and to purposes that had been too much ignored during that period, and beyond that to offer a critique of government the like of which has not been heard in Washington since Woodrow Wilson.

In one message after another to the Congress, the fundaments of governmental reform were set forth. More was required of government, the President said, than simply to make promises. It had to fulfill them. It was on this bedrock of reality that trust in government must rest. The restoration of trust would depend on this.

Since that time, mass urban violence has all but disappeared. Civil disobedience and protest have receded. Racial rhetoric has calmed. The great symbol of racial subjugation, the dual school system of the South, virtually intact two years ago, has quietly and finally been dismantled.

All in all, a record of some good fortune and much genuine achievement.

Great American Series

It is not the function of the government to relieve individuals of their responsibilities to their neighbors, or to relieve private institutions of their responsibilities to the public.

Herbert Hoover

Life is not fair

And yet how little the Administration seems to be credited with what it has achieved. To the contrary, it is as if the disquiet and distrust in the nation as a whole has been eased by being focused on the government in Washington. One thinks of President Kennedy's summation: life is not fair. But there is something more at work than the mere perversity of things.

In a curious, persistent way our problem as a nation arises from a surplus of moral energy. Few peoples have displayed so intense a determination to define the most mundane affairs in terms of the most exalted principles, to see in any difficulty an ethical failing, to deem any success a form of temptation, and as if to ensure the perpetuation of the impulse, to take a painful pleasure in it all.

Our great weakness is the habit of reducing the most complex issues to the most simplistic moralisms. About Communism. About Capitalism. About Crime. About Corruption. About Likker. About Pot. About Race Horses. About the SST. Name it.

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This is hardly a new condition. Tocqueville noted it a century and a half ago. "No men are fonder of their own condition. Life would have no relish for them if they were delivered from the anxieties which harass them, and they show more attachment to their cares than aristocratic nations to their pleasures."

Moralism drives out thought

But in the interval this old disposition has had new consequences. What was once primarily a disdain for government has developed into a genuine distrust. It has made it difficult for Americans to think honestly and to some purpose about themselves and their problems. Moralism drives out thought.

The result has been a set of myths and counter myths about ourselves and the world that create expectations which cannot be satisfied, and which lead to a rhetoric of crisis and conflict that constantly, in effect, declares the government in power disqualified for the serious tasks at hand.

The style which the British call "muddling through" is not for us. It concedes too much to the probity of those who are trying to cope, and the probable intransigency of the problems they are trying to cope with. In any event, in so intensely private a society it is hard to get attention to one's own concern save through a rhetoric of crisis.

As a result, we have acquired bad habits of speech and worse patterns of behavior, lurching from crisis to crisis with the attention span of a five-year old. We have never learned to be sufficiently thoughtful about the tasks of running a complex society.

Elections are rarely our finest hour

The political process reinforces, and to a degree rewards, the moralistic style. Elections are rarely our finest hours. This when we tend to be most hysterical, most abusive, least thoughtful about problems, and least respectful of complexity.

Of late these qualities have began to tell on the institution of the Presidency itself. A very little time is allowed the President during which he can speak for all the nation, and address himself to realities in terms of the possible. Too soon the struggle recommences.

This has now happened for us. We might have had a bit more time, but no matter. The issue is how henceforth to conduct ourselves.

As I am now leaving, it may seem to come with little grace to prescribe for those who must stand and fight. I would plead only that I have been sparing of such counsel in the past. Therefore, three exhortations, and the rest will be silence.

A company of honorable men

The first is to be of good cheer and good conscience. Depressing, even frightening things are being said about the Administration. They are not true. This has been a company of honorable and able men, led by a President of singular courage and compassion in the face of a sometimes awful knowledge of the problems and the probabilities that confront him.

The second thing is to resist the temptation to respond in kind to the untruths and half truths that begin to fill the air. A century ago the Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt foresaw that ours would be the age of "the great simplifiers," and that the essence of tyranny was the denial of complexity. He was right. This is the single great temptation of the time. It is the great corruptor, and must be resisted with purpose and with energy.

What we need are great complexifiers, men who will not only seek to understand what it is they are about, but who will also dare to share that understanding with those for whom they act.

And, lastly, I would propose that if either of the foregoing is to be possible, it is necessary for members of the Administration, the men in this room, to be far more attentive to what it is the President has said, and proposed. Time and again, the President has said things of startling insight, taken positions of great political courage and intellectual daring, only to be greeted with silence or incomprehension.

The prime consequence of all this is that the people in the nation who take these matters seriously have never been required to take us seriously. It was hardly in their interest to do so. Time and again the President would put forth an oftentimes devastating critique precisely of their performance. But his initial thrusts were rarely followed up with a sustained, reasoned, reliable second and third order of advocacy.

Deliberately or no, the impression was allowed to arise with respect to the widest range of Presidential initiatives that the President wasn't really behind them. It was a devastating critique.

The thrust of the President's program was turned against -- him! For how else to interpret an attempt to deal with such serious matters in so innovative a way, if in fact the effort was not serious?

It comes to this. The Presidency requires much of those who will serve it, and first of all it requires comprehension. A large vision of America has been put forth. It can only be furthered by men who share it.

It is not enough to know one subject, one department. The President's men must know them all, must understand how one thing relates to another, must find in the words the spirit that animates them, must divine in the blade of grass the whole of life that is indeed contained there, for so much is at issue.

Serve...Pray...Understand

I am of those who believe that America is the hope of the world, and that for that time given him the President is the hope of America. Serve him well. Pray for his success. Understand how much depends on you. Try to understand what he has given of himself.

This is something those of us who have worked in this building with him know in a way that perhaps only that experience can teach. To have seen him late into the night and through the night and into the morning, struggling with the most awful complexities, the most demanding and irresolvable conflicts, doing so because he cared, trying to comprehend what is right, and trying to make other men see it, above all, caring, working, hoping for this country that he has made greater already and which he will make greater still.

Serve him well. Pray for his success. Understand how much depends on you.

And now, goodby, it really has been good to know you. □

A Bohemian Tory Reconsidered

Russell Kirk Of Piety Hill

W. Wesley McDonald

After the deaths of Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, the themes of reflective, philosphical conservative thought would not be heard again until after the end of the New Deal era. Not that conservatism had become inarticulate and incomprehensible during the Roosevelt years, rather as Bernard L. Kronick wrote in 1947, "it had been drowned out by the clatter and confusion attendant upon the building of the 'Brave New World.' It was only when the resulting edifice demonstrated some alarming deficiencies that older themes were heard again."

Hard on the heels of the New Deal, during the late forties and early fifties, a great number of articles and books were published resounding the "older themes". Names such as Richard Weaver, Peter Viereck, Clinton Rossiter, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Russell Kirk became associated with a renascense of conservative thinking. Yet, of all the books attempting to develop a conservative philosophy during this period, Russell Kirk's **The Conservative Mind** (H. Regnery Co. Chicago, 1953) would enjoy the most widespread and enduring impact upon the character and direction of conservative thinking for the next two decades.

Dr. Kirk's thick book (478 pages in the Regnery hardback edition) was largely responsible for the revival of interest in the Eighteenth-century Whig, Edmund Burke. Before Kirk revived Burke's philosophical arguments this opponent of the fin-de-siecle French Jacobins was of interest only to the occasional scholar of the Eighteenth Century of the few men of humane letters moved by Burke's "moral imagination." At the turn of the Twentieth Century, Paul Elmer More could only shake his head sadly when a radical sociologist responded phlegmatically to the mention of Burke. "Ah, Burke! he's dead, is he not?"

Not only was Burke dead, but More feared that his political thought was about to be interred with him. A scant fifteen years ago, Peter J. Stanlis, author of **Burke and Natural Law** (University of

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Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1958), quipped in a letter to Kirk that he suspected that books on Burke in the libraries were worn out not by the students' use, but by just plain old age. However, nowadays, it is plainly evident that the fortunes of Burkean studies have taken a turn for the better. The recent, proliferation of societies and journals focusing on Burke and the Eighteenth Century attest to growing interest in the philosophy and times of Burke. This sudden interest inspired Dr. Kirk to remark that Burke's reputation "as political philospher and perhaps a man of letters never stood higher than it does today."

In **The Conservative Mind** Kirk defended Burkean principles tracing them through the works of Adams, Coleridge, Randolph, Calhoun, Santayana, Babbitt, More, Eliot and others--a powerful exercise in scholarship which most American conservatives are aware of. However, their acquaintance with Kirk has been largely limited to this single study. Even the few critical and interpretative essays upon Kirk have been almost universally hampered because their authors had not read the great bulk of Kirk's prodigious literary and scholarly output. Therefore, this short essay will draw together much that is not generally known of Kirk's moral and political thought nor known about his life. The material included here is drawn from his lesser known essays, his unpublished correspondence, and my private conversations with him.

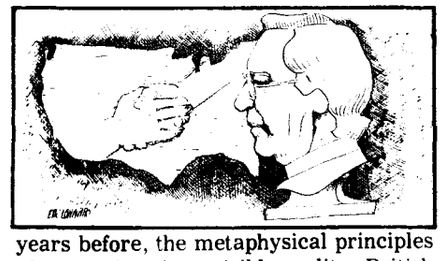
In his essay, "Why I am a Conservative," Kirk establishes that he first felt the conservative impulses at the very hour he began to feel and reason. Having remarkably found conservatism while still a child, he would never trifle with the radical ideologies. Unlike even those famous converts from communism to conservatism, John Dos Passos and Frank S. Meyer, Kirk never flirted with Marxist dogma in the fever of his youth.

Kirk also revealed at an astonishingly early age this capacity to express himself lucidly and with passionate eloquence in his essays. At age seventeen, **Saplings**, a journal for high school student articles, published his essay, "Momentos." It was his first nationally published piece and indicated clearly that even while Kirk was a teenager he had formulated definite conservative principles. After pointing out the achievements and courage of his ancestors to the reader, he concludes with an observation that will strike the contemporary reader as the very essence of Kirkean philosophy. "Despite all the wealth and pride we have gained by the efforts of these men and women (our ancestors)," the young Kirk argues, "with all the luxury and culture which they have toiled to give us, can we hope to be the people they were."

Kirk's first acquaintance with the political principles of Edmund Burke came while he was a graduate student at Duke University. Burke, the thinker and statesman would remain "thereafter my guide in much...." Burke's **Reflections on the Revolution in France** would provide the intellectual means to convert "prejudice into principle, and confused love of the past into an apprehension of the wisdom of our ancestors." After a brief flirtation with the political doctrines of Jeffersonian democracy, Kirk turned to the writings of Jefferson's most profound critic, John Randolph of Roanoke. "I am an aristocrat," said Randolph in 1829, "I love liberty, I hate equality." Kirk was so moved by Randolph's brilliant Burkean insights that he committed himself to writing a Masters thesis upon him. The thesis later became one of the few published works upon that early nineteenth century Southern aristocrat.

After serving with the U.S. Army during World War II, Kirk resumed his graduate studies at St. Andrews University in Scotland. Provided with the leisure to read widely and reflect upon what appeared at the time to be the political and philosophical defeat of his beloved conservatism by ever advancing liberal dogmas, Kirk wrote his doctoral dissertation, **The Conservatives' Rout.** The manuscript was later retitled and published as **The Conservative Mind. He** acquired, in 1952, the Doctor of Humane Letters degree from St. Andrews, the only American to ever earn this eminent degree from that ancient Scottish seat of learning.

Here, within the fog and gothic unreality of Scotland, Kirk added still further depth and wisdom to his convictions as a conservative. "In Scotland and England I found, as Hawthorne had found a hundred



years before, the metaphysical principles of continuity given visible reality. British society and the face of Britain were for me the expression (as they had been the inspiration) of Burke's principles of social immortality and social reform: the past ever blending with the present, so that the fabric continually renews itself, like some great oak, being never either wholly old or wholly young."

"Mine was not an Enlightened mind...," he observes, "It was a Gothic mind, medieval in its temper and structure. I did not live cold harmony and perfect regularlity of organization; what I sought was variety, mystery, tradition, the venerable, the awful." The ideologists of reason and cold intellect, Bentham, Mill and the contemporary proponents of Utilitarianism, who would quantify the world making it scientifically rational became for Kirk the **betes noires** of history. This hatred of enthroned Reason and abstract doctrines led him to the subsequent suspicion of ideologists and intellectuals. "Out of the infinite mercy of God," he states, "I never have been an intellectual; and, if Providence continues kind; I never shall be an ideologist." If forced to label himself, he prefers to be called a Bohemian Tory. His Bohemian peregrinations have taken him from the skid rows of Detroit and Los Angeles to the literary circles of London and Madrid, from the backwoods of Beaver Island to Morocco. Like Samuel Johnson, his Toryism is that of a man "attached to orthodoxy in church and state."

Kirk's career as a university professor was short-lived. Until 1953, he was a professor of Humanities at Michigan State College. Although he had held this position only a few years, he soon found that he was unable to abide with the lowering educational standards at MSC. "It was with much dismay that I viewed the growth of certain unfavorable tendencies in the Basic College," he reported at the time of his resignation. "These tendencies are the lowering of standards in the policy of grading, and the influence of the so-called objective examination in lowering the college reading and writing standards. I feel that these errors, although by no means confined to MSC, were sufficient for my departure." Aligning himself with the great traditional, classical theorists, Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, Kirk would do battle with all these "unfavorable tendencies" in his book, **Academic Freedom** (H. Regnery Co. Chicago, 1955), and ten years later in **The Intemperate Professor** (Louisiana State University Press Baton Rouge, 1965).

In the same year as his resignation from MSC, his **Conservative Mind** appeared. Although, it received spotty reviews from the liberal journals, the book enjoyed an immediate and widespread popularity which at first Kirk neither expected nor could explain. Whittaker Chambers, who greatly enjoyed the book, but did not know Kirk, encouraged **Time** magazine to give the book its surprisingly favorable review. Kirk soon thereafter emerged as one of America's leading conservative thinkers and writers. "In the teeth of Liberal assertions that conservatives are superannuated and inarticulate," wrote M. Stanton Evans seven years later, "Kirk hurled a monumental defense of the conservative philosophy. He was young (then thirty-five); he was obviously well-read; and he wrote with an eloquence and power that could neither be ridiculed nor ignored."

In 1955 **National Review** began publishing and its editor, William Buckley, Jr., invited Kirk to take an associate editorship with the magazine. Kirk declined the offer, preferring not to be associated on the masthead of a magazine that included articles from authors Kirk considered libertarian or Benthamite. These cold, abstract theoreticians and ideologues Kirk felt to be the very antithesis of his own thought. Any association with them would only hurt his reputation as a Burkean conservative. "I had much rather sacrifice the support of ten ossified Bethamites," he wrote Buckley, "than the support of one real conservative." His association with **National Review** would, therefore, remain limited to his occasional book reviews and fortnightly column, "From the Academy." The dispute between libertarian and traditional conservative thinkers lingers, however, as a reminder of the deep intellectual abyss that lies between these two important strands of conservative thinking.

Kirk soon turned his energies to the creation of yet another conservative journal, one that would maintain high scholarly standards and humane values. Observing that there existed no monthly magazine "of a reflective, leisurely, imaginative, serious and good-natured

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character" widely circulated in America, he began plans in 1954 for the creation of **Modern Age**. This journal would maintain, he wrote at the time, an appreciation of religious and ethical values, a respect for conservative social principles, and would be an "expression of the culture of the Middle West and the heart of the United States generally...."The first edition of the magazine appeared in 1957. Kirk was its editor until 1960 when he resigned as a result of what he termed "serious internecine disputes over policy and control" with other members of the journal's staff. After Kirk's departure, the journal continued to thrive and grow, maintaining its reputation as one of the most respected conservative journals of scholarship and opinion in America. Soon thereafter, Kirk founded and edited **The University Bookman**, a thin quarterly which primarily reviews college textbooks.

In 1964 Kirk married and became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. Living with his wife, Annette, and their three children at his ancestral home, "Piety Hill," located in Mecosta, Michigan, Kirk maintains a household that is remindful of the style of life that would be expected of the English manor home of the last century. Large and Victorian in character, his house is designed for a family that enjoys the pleasure of company with many friends. His associates and friends have included a wide range of conservative thinkers and writers, such as Raymond English, the late Richard Weaver, Henry Regnery, Thomas Molnar, and numerous others who have made pilgrimages to Mecosta. Yet, despite the diversions of friends and family, Kirk is still capable of awesome literary productivity. While working on his latest books, **Eliot and the Follies of Our Time**, and a college text, **The Roots of American Order**, his seventeenth and eighteenth books, he concurrently writes his daily columns, and maintains a world-wide correspondence. His nocturnal habits permit him the leisure of working between the hours of midnight and eight in the morning, a period which virtually guarantees him the peace to write without interruption.

Nowadays, Kirk is considerably more optimistic about the success of his conservative principles in America than he was when he originally penned **The Conservatives' Rout**. History's recent turn of events have made the conservatives' lot appear a great deal more promising. As Kirk notes, the conservatives today have an opportunity to regain ground as they have "not seen since that day when modern radicalism issued its challenge to traditional society by decorating 'this hell-porch of a Hotel de Ville' with human heads on pikes." The nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964 and the election of Richard Nixon to the presidency in 1968 encouraged Kirk to observe recently in a newspaper column that American conservatives "are in the middle of their journey," and in "about 12 years from now, they may be at the height of their influence." Most observers of American politics turn to such political and popular personages as Barry Goldwater, William Buckley, or President Nixon when they seek to describe the tenor and direction of current conservative thinking. However, the wells of intellectual conservative thought from which these men must draw have been immeasurably enriched by Kirk's elegant and lucid defense of conservative principles. By reviving the memory of an Anglo-American conservative moral and political tradition, Kirk has clapped onto what was once just a mere instinctual distaste for the policies and philosophy of New Deal liberalism a profound and abiding set of principles. His shelf full of books have once again inspired Burke's "moral imagination" to a nation which had nearly forgotten Burke while embracing notions of positivism, pragmatism, and sentimentalism into its politics.

There are no "gained causes" wrote T.S. Eliot once because there are no "lost causes." Each cause merely struggles to keep alive the enduring normative wisdom of the past. Therefore, even if some new radicalism were suddenly ushered in, sweeping aside all that now exists, we could still expect to find Kirk steadfastly defending Eliot's "permanent things" against the "follies of the time." The conservative is realistic and "expects until the end of all things the world will be a battleground, a place of testing; and in every generation the permanent things will be challenged afresh."

"Therefore, I am a conservative," Kirk concludes in one of his essays. "Quite possibly I am on the losing side; often I think so. Yet out of a curious perversity, I had rather lose with Socrates, let us say, than win with Lenin." □

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Cinema

The Sad State of the Movies

Wick Allison

The rumor has been confirmed by the **Washington Post**: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which has been suffering lately from a case of advanced senility, may soon die altogether. The reporter phrased it gently in a publicity story about a soon-to-be-released film by saying that "M-G-M desperately needs a hit, a new lease on life." If the trade gossip is true, we should underline **desperately**. For those who feel compelled to shed a few tears at the passing of a modern institution, let's quickly review three of M-G-M's most touted recent releases:

Zabriskie Point: Antonioni's version of young America was so incredibly simplistic and pretentious that even the **New Yorker** was forced to pan it.

The Strawberry Statement: According to **Playboy**, "uninhibited sex plus anti-establishment attitudes equal box-office bonanzas with the under-25 audience, or so reasoned the producers." The producers were wrong.

The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart: This attempt to explain the life of a typical Columbia student evoked nothing but yawns.

After bankrolling films of this stature M-G-M's financial collapse might be regarded as a mercy killing (The latter two films were pet projects of M-G-M president James Aubrey, whose last job - interestingly enough - was as president of CBS). Of course M-G-M is not the only corporation providing the American people with such haute entertainment. In addition to the disasters listed above, movie-goers in recent months have been subjected to this extraordinary selection: **Getting Straight, The Revolutionary, Performance, Up in the Cellar, Ice**, and **R.P.M.** (Revolutions Per Minute - get it?).

In their mad dash to cash in on the New Left and its hip sympathizers the studios are only following the lead of two other major media. The large publishing houses have long been in the business of subsidizing the "Movement" with the publication of such books as Jerry Rubin's **Do It!**, Bobby Seale's **Seize the Time** and Abbie Hoffman's **Revolution For the Hell of It** (a title which tells it like it is). The magazines run a close second, as Professor Nathan Glazar recently pointed out:

> Violence is extolled in **The New York Review** which began with only literary ambitions in 1962; Tom Hayden, who urges his audiences to kill policemen, is treated as a hero in **Esquire**; Eldridge Cleaver merits an adulatory **Playboy** interview.

At this point only television seems undecided, although personally I view such programs as **The Storefront Lawyers** with growing suspicion.

The more detached among us will grasp the irony of capitalists publicizing the virtues of those who seek the destruction of capitalism. It is an irony, and a flaw, to which we have become accustomed. The quest for profits is not hampered by such irrelevant factors as integrity. That idyllic vision of the free enterprise system which we inherited from our forefathers pales by comparison with this tainted real-life version. As a sad fact, capitalism brings with it as an unfortunate consequence a phenomenon known as the commercial mentality, a remarkable shortsightedness which is incapable of seeing beyond the projected profit margins on the ledger sheet. Thus our movie theatres have become nothing more than temples to the Almighty Dollar; if a revolution will sell tickets, modern priests such as James Aubrey are willing to embrace it with open arms.

Of course, another element is involved in his flood of turned-on movies: a pathological fear of being out of style. In one of his more perceptive moments (of which there are many) essayist Tom Wolfe found that white liberals have assumed a new identity which he termed "radical chic." The phrase is self-explanatory. People with this rare urban disease seem

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to be drawn mysteriously to careers in the "creative" industries.

Which brings us to another point: actually what we are witnessing is the greatest propaganda campaign since the Second World War. Errol Flynn as the Norwegian freedom fighter has been replaced by Elliot Gould as the bomb-throwing campus idealist. In addition to multiplying the company profits and polishing their own "with-it" image, many of the younger decision-makers in the media business are attempting to win converts to the cause. (Dontcha see, mister, that any one of those hard-hat thugs could be a Joe? Dontcha see, lady, that Stanley Sweetheart freaked out on drugs because he needed real answers? Dontcha see?) Again, we thought we had become accustomed to this, especially after Mr. Agnew's attacks on the news media. However, I doubt that anyone can remember a propaganda campaign on such a grand level, pushing such mediocre ideas in such a ludicrous manner. And the end is not in sight.

Clutching Milton Friedman to our breasts and refusing to counsel intervention even though the entire society *seems hell bent on ideological suicide*, we can only hope that next year's audit finds the motion-picture industry in a state of near bankruptcy. I can see it now: the major stockholders will be forced to kick out the James Aubreys and enlist a new crew of financial wizards who will have the practical insight to realize what the public wants (including we much-maligned under-25er's) and to provide it. I will be able to endure watching that venerable lion roaring on the silver screen only when they have changed the slogan from **ars gratis tumultus et sexus** back to **ars gratia artis**.

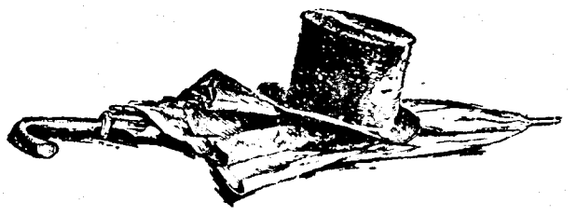
Until then, we can only scan the pages of the television listings, hoping to find an old classic as the afternoon movie. Once in a while one of our local stations shows a Sherlock Holmes flick with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce in their original title roles. Next time it's on, you are welcome to come on over and enjoy the show. Bring some popcorn.

□

Cover Story

Abraham Lincoln -- the Relevance Lingers

Laurence Berns



It is almost irreverent to ask: Why celebrate Abraham Lincoln? Why celebrate the birthday of the only other man deemed, almost universally, fit to share equal honors in the temple of liberty with the great Washington, the Father of our country?

We study Lincoln, of course, partly to understand ourselves, to understand and therefore, in some degree, to control the spiritual forces which have shaped our civic lives as Americans. But what I hope to show is that we celebrate and study Lincoln also simply as students, hoping to learn something about man, about **logos**, about reason, about reason and passion, and reason and religion, (I do not say reason and revelation); hoping to learn something about a problem close to all of us, the problem of the relation between intellectual development and moral goodness--in the precise language of the schools, about the relation between intellectual and moral virtue.

"We, the American People," Lincoln's Perpetuation Speech begins, possess "the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil and salubrity of climate." This may be a condition, but not the chief cause, for our finding ourselves under a government conducing more to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any other the world has known. Hamilton suggests what the cause is in the opening paragraph of **The Federalist:**

It has been frequently remarked that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question, whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force.

The rational structure of our institutions relies upon the indecorous, but never failing, springs of human selfishness, in the words of **Federalist**, number fifty one, the "policy of supplying, by opposite and rival interests, the defect of better motives," so arranging things that ambition counteracts ambition, "that the private interest of every individual may be a sentinel over the public rights." Lincoln believed in and, by long and constant study, appreciated the wisdom of our system of checks and balances and separation of powers. But a rational structure of institutions, even with enlightened and intelligent men at the helm, is not enough.

The most important dangers to American freedom are not to be expected from the outside, they come from ourselves. The most deadly symptom is "the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country; the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions, in lieu of the sober judgment of Courts"; the upsurge of a "mobocratic spirit." Lincoln did not stress the incident closest to his audience's conscience, the lynching of the abolitionist editor, Elijah Lovejoy, some twelve weeks earlier in near-by Alton. Neither shall we enter into the dreary details of recent attempts to substitute force, fury and intimidation for orderly legal procedures. What seemed most dangerous about mob action to Lincoln was its cumulative effect. He divided the general population into two classes, first the vicious portion of the population, those for whom the only effective restraint is dread of punishment. These, the lawless in spirit, by seeing violations of the law go unpunished, "are encouraged to become lawless in practice." They make a "jubilee" of the suspension of the operations of government. The other class is that of the ordinary good citizen, who loves tranquility, is patriotic, and desires to abide by the laws. The spirit of the first class is constant, what is required to deal with them is vigilance and firm government. The effect of mob rule on the spirit of the second class is in the long run more serious. When they see their property destroyed, their families insulted, their persons injured, their lives endangered and no prospect of improvement, they become tired and disgusted with a government that offers them no protection. The "strongest bulwark of any Government, and particularly of those constituted like ours," is "the attachment of the People", specifically of the better citizens. When the affections of the better citizens are alienated from the government, when the government has friends "too few, and those few too weak, to make their friendship effectual...men of sufficient talent and ambition will not be wanting to seize the opportunity" and overturn that political edifice that is "the fondest hope of the lovers of freedom, throughout the world." With the entrance of this new class, the men of talent and ambition, a new dimension in Lincoln's discussion is opened. We approach that problem most pertinent to popular governments, the problem of democratic or demagogic despotism, the problem of Caesarism. We return to this subject shortly.

The institutional and legal founding of the political edifice of liberty, Lincoln's argument implies, was not sufficient. He evidently knew **Federalist**, number forty-nine, well. One of the subjects of that paper is political veneration:...**that** veneration which time bestows on every thing, and without which perhaps the wisest and freest governments would not possess the requisite stability. If it be true that all governments rest on opinion, it is no less true that the strength of opinion in each

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individual, and its practical influence on his conduct, depend much on the number which he supposes to have entertained the same opinion. The reason of man, like man himself, is timid and cautious when left alone, and acquires firmness and confidence in proportion to the number with which it is associated. When the examples which fortify opinion are ancient as well as numerous, they are known to have a double effect. In a nation of philosophers, this consideration ought to be disregarded. A reverence for the laws would be sufficiently inculcated by the voice of an enlightened reason. But a nation of philosophers is as little to be expected as the philosophical race of kings wished for by Plato. And in every other nation, the most rational government will not find it a superfluous advantage to have the prejudices of the community on its side.

But the Founders, for all their appreciation of the problem in general, had not sufficiently acted on their knowledge, had not sufficiently founded their political edifice in the hearts and spirits of the people. "Let reverence for the laws...", Lincoln said, "become the political religion of the nation." Political religion, addressed primarily to that larger group of normally decent citizens, is to be the preventive medicine against those maladies that could lead to the disaffection of the people from their government. Lincoln goes on, "While ever a state of feeling, such as this, shall...generally prevail..." every effort to subvert our national freedom will be in vain.

By a contrast between the generation of the revolution and present and future generations, Lincoln specifies those passions of the people with which in normal times statesmanship must deal. Jealousy, envy and avarice, "the passions so common to a state of peace, prosperity and conscious strength," these and "the deep-rooted principles of hate, (resentment, indignation and anger), and the powerful motive of revenge," were, during the revolution, directed against the British nation. "And thus, from the force of circumstances, the basest principles of our nature were either made to be dormant, or to become the active agents in the advancement of the noblest of cause(s)..." We note how Lincoln mitigates the sting of this hardly flattering description of the people by emphatically including himself among them. He suggests that one should not expect these passions to be eliminated, they are rather to be mitigated by more general intelligence and, if not used, to be overwhelmed by the feelings engendered and stimulated by political religion, feelings which include gratitude to our fathers, concern for our posterity, the love of justice, and love for humanity in general.

We turn now from the people, from the many, to the few, to the men of talent and to their ruling passion, ambition, the love of glory, the craving for distinction. During the revolutionary period all who sought fame and distinction staked their all on the success of the revolution. "They succeeded....This field of glory is harvested, and the crop is already appropriated. But new reapers will arise, and they, too, will seek a field; Lincoln draws a distinction within the men of talent between the "many great and good men sufficiently qualified for any task they should undertake" and the "towering genius". The danger comes from the latter, who will not fail to seize upon the opportunity presented by general disaffection due to mob rule.

Towering genius disdains a beaten path. It seeks regions hitherto unexplored--It sees no distinction in adding story to story, upon the monuments of fame, erected to the memory of others. It denies that it is glory enough to serve under any chief. It scorns to tread in the footsteps of any predecessor, however illustrious. It thirsts and burns for distinction; and, if possible, it will have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves, or enslaving freemen.

We note with Harry Jaffa and Edmund Wilson the fire of this language, which seems "to derive as much from admiration as from apprehension." (Harry V. Jaffa, The Crisis of the House Divided, Doubleday). In contrast to the paragraph on the people, the towering genius is referred to with the impersonal "it". Ambition, Lincoln wrote to General Hooker, "within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm." (26 January 1863).

Great American Series

He who molds public sentiment goes much deeper than he who enacts statutes and pronounces decisions. He makes statutes or decisions possible or impossible.

Abraham Lincoln

How much of what is now called ideology functions so as to disguise from political men the enormity of their own personal ambition? How much demagoguery and political fanaticism might be prevented, if the politically aspiring or their educators, were once again educated by those classical authors who made it their business to try to train political men to appreciate the subtlety of their own ambition, to train them to master their master passion?

In a political announcement at the age of twenty-three Lincoln took cognizance of his own ambition:

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. (9 March 1832, "To The People of Sangamon County")

It is clear that Lincoln no more expects ambition to be rooted out of the hearts of the politically talented than he expected envy and avarice to be removed from the people. What reasonable bounds are large enough to encompass the ambitions of those Lincoln calls men "of the loftiest genius," potential Macbeths, potential Caesars? The clue, I think, may be found by watching more closely what Lincoln himself has done in this speech. In the third paragraph from the end of the speech Lincoln prepares for his finale by recounting how the generation of the revolution possessed living histories of those great events in the persons of their kinsmen:

The consequence was, that of those scenes, in the form of a husband, a father, a son or a brother, a **living history** was to be found in every family--a history bearing the indubitable testimonies of its own authenticity, in the limbs mangled, in the scars of wounds received, in the midst of the very scenes related--a history, too, that could be read and understood alike by all, the wise and the ignorant, the learned and the unlearned. But those histories are gone. They can be read no more forever. They were a fortress of strength; but, what invading foeman could never do, the silent artillery of time has done; the levelling of its walls. They are gone.--They were a forest of giant oaks; but the all-resistless hurricane has swept over them, and left only, here and there, a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage; unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs, a few more ruder storms, then to sink, and be no more.

They were the pillars of the temple of liberty; and now, that they have crumbled away, that temple must fall, unless we, their descendants, supply their places with other pillars, hewn from the solid quarry of sober reason. Passion has helped us; but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason, cold, calculating unimpassioned reason, must furnish all the materials for our future support and defense. Let those materials be moulded into **general intelligence, sound morality,** and, in particular, **a reverence for the constitution and laws;** and, that we improved to the last; that, during his long sleep, we permitted no hostile foot to pass over or desecrate his resting place; shall be that which to learn the last trump shall awaken our Washington.

Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest, as the rock of its basis; and as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, "**the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.**"

The old pillars were of wood, they have crumbled away. The new pillars must be stronger. They are hewn from a quarry, they are the rock basis of the proud fabric of freedom. Under the direction of cold, sober reason men of the loftiest genius have the mission to use their political, rhetorical and poetic powers to mould the minds and affections of what is to be an improved people "into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the constitution and laws." This refounding and transmission of the temple of liberty in the minds and hearts of men, for those who have eyes to see, is a task of almost messianic proportions, a task equal to, or greater than, the first founding, a task capable of attracting,and perhaps even purifying, the ambition of a Caesar.

By linking the spirit of the Bible to the spirits of political liberty, the spirit of the Gospel According to Matthew to the Constitution of the United States, Lincoln showed us by example what he meant by

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political religion. It may be a little too much to link so intimately our political salvation to our personal salvation, to have us answer on the Day of Judgment to George Washington as well as to God Almighty. The young Lincoln, surely, is not in as full control of his materials here as he is in the great speeches of his later years, but, I believe, no speech reveals more clearly than this what he regarded as the mission of his life. We must return to the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Addresses to appreciate that mission in all its sublimity. □

Laurence Berns has been a tutor at St. John's College in Annapolis since 1960, and received his Ph. D. from the Social Sciences Division of the University of Chicago in 1957. He is presently engaged in a translation of Aristotle's POLITICS for Basic Books.

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE NINETY-FIRST CONGRESS

Part I

"Tributes to Spessard L. Holland"

as compiled by George Washington Plunkitt

In this issue's first editorial, Dr. George Nathan has cogently discoursed upon the Windy Ninety-First Congress--a congress that consumed more than 85,000 pages of the **Congressional Record**, depriving America of several small forests and much peace of mind.

Desiring to bring to our readers as much of the flavor of that historic **flux de bibble-babble**, the editorial board of this great journal has decided to publish specimens of how our statesmen disport themselves on the banks of the Potomac--at the taxpayers' expense.

Saturday, 19 December was a typical day in the history of the Windy Ninety-First. On 13 November 1969, the Hon. Spessard L. (Lindsey) Holland, senior senator from the great state of Florida, had announced that he would be retiring from the Cave of the Winds at the end of the then current session. Thus, on this December morning, in the last gasping days of this magnificent session, Senators and Congressmen alike put aside their pressing business, pet boondoggles and fans, to pay tribute to the retiring Senator Holland. Testimonials from thirty-eight Senators and vaseline from twenty-four editorial pages (all in Florida) were spread across page after page of the lively **Congressional Record**-- Washington's equivalent of **Mad** magazine.

With the accuracy that you have come to expect from **The Alternative**, we reprint below excerpts from that gassy potlatch:

TRIBUTES TO THE HONORABLE SPESSARD L. HOLLAND, THE SENATOR FROM FLORIDA

By Senator Gurney

We are today honoring one of the most distinugished members as his retirement approaches -- the distinguished senior Senator from Florida, the Honorable Spessard L. Holland. I suggest that the fact our country has produced a man like Spessard Holland is cause for optimism.

Senator Holland was born in Bartow, Fla., on July 10, 1892. He was the son of Benjamin Franklin Holland, a native of Georgia and a confederate veteran who came to Florida in 1881, and Fannie Virginia Spessard Holland.

In college, he earned membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society and qualified for a Rhodes scholarship, which he was unable to accept because of the outbreak of World War I. (Ahem, eds.)

He was, in fact, offered a contract in 1916 by Connie Mack to play professional baseball with the Philadelphia Athletes. If he had chosen to go that route, he would doubtless be in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. But World War I interevened. (Ahem, eds.)

Senator Holland is, as we know, the father of our uniquely beautiful Everglades National Park. It was his foresight ....

* * *

From the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel, *Nov. 14, 1969*

SENATOR SPESSARD HOLLAND HAS EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF EVERY FLORIDIAN

Thrift was and is a part of Sen. Holland's creed. Martin Andersen, publisher of **The Sentinel** at the time, recalls Holland's first trip to Washington in 1946: "He came through Orlando in an old beat-up Ford filled with his charming wife (a very large woman, eds), his children, household pets and some of his worldly goods."

When the question came up a few years ago, Holland was one Senator who didn't hesitate to make a voluntary disclosure of his personal assets.

The senator's physicians say he may live to be 100 if he takes things a bit easier. Thousands of his fellow Floridians wish him many more years....

* * *

From the Evening Star *Editorial, Nov. 17, 1969*

FLORIDA TO LOSE ABLE SENATOR IN THE RETIREMENT OF HOLLAND

Florida's senior senator is one of the outstanding members of the Senate and is the natural leader of the Southern bloc....

But the senator deserves a rest, for he has worked hard and effectively for Florida.

* * *

From the Sun Sentinel, *Nov. 14, 1969*

SENATOR HOLLAND'S RETIREMENT MARKS END OF AN ERA

His retirement will end an era in Florida politics, an era of the southern gentleman of the old school serving his constituents diligently dignifiedly, in the stately chambers of the Capitol.

His retirement also marks the wane of an era in the Senate, the slow erosion of the conservative coalition that from time to time in the course of the nation's affairs turned back unwise or misguided plans of the liberal bloc in the Congress.

And as governor, he was instrumental in pledging gasoline tax revenues for highways....

In the ensuing years, he was not a headline grabber, although he rose to ninth in seniority in the Senate....he was particularly effective in promoting the state's agricultural interests, the industry that ranks second to tourism.

The senator kept his constitutents informed of his activities in a homey newsletter, in which he frequently noted that "Mary and I" enjoyed meeting ....

His retirement is hard-earned and well-deserved.

This because time has changed, conditions have changed. It would be a fitting gesture for all his constituents to thank him for a job well done and to wish him health and happiness in the golden years ahead.

* * *

From the Florida Times-Union, *Nov. 13, 1969*

A BIG PAIR OF SHOES TO FILL

Yesterday, Holland announced the end of an era. He said he will not seek reelection in 1970 although he will serve out his present term.

The wisdom of his decision cannot be disputed.

Holland is the second-ranking Democrat on the Agriculture and Forestry Committee.

Holland has not been a flashy figure on the national scene. He has been a senator whose accomplishments for his state and nation have spoken more loudly than his words.

....Florida's voters are being left with a big pair of shoes to fill.

* * *

From the Tallahassee (Fla.) Democrat, *Nov. 13, 1969*

HOLLAND HAS SET PATTERN FOR SUCCESS IN SENATE

However, Sen. Holland has more than earned his retirement. He is 77 years old. Another six-year term beginning in 1971 would carry him well into his 80's. Those of us who know him don't believe advanced age would be a handicap to a Spessard Holland.

His true friends and loyal supporters would not insist that he stay and die there, perhaps prematurely.

* * *

From Today, *Nov. 15, 1969*

FAITHFUL SERVANT

Senator Spessard Holland has made a wise choice in stepping down next year, while he is still in command of his mental faculties....

"I wouldn't want to give the people of Florida a damaged article for the next six years," he said. "I've seen some people--good friends of mine--stay here (in the Senate) too long."

All the people of Florida join in the

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fervent hope that his angina attacks will not hamper him in serving out his 24th year in the Senate.

He was an early holdout aganst civil rights legislation but mellowed....

Sen. Holland is a completely scrupulous man. He is one of the few members of Congress whose personal fortune has decreased as a result of his service in the Senate.

Florida will love a faithful servant when he retires next year.

* * *

From the Tampa (Fla.) Times, *Nov. 14, 1969*

SENATOR HOLLAND'S DECISION

....a man of 77 who has been working for the same boss--the people--for 50 years has a right to call it quits and a claim on the gratitude of his employer.

Some persons, of course, have insisted his legislative record leans too much to the conservative side. True, he has not followed the path of the knee-jerk liberals.

In this connection, Senator Holland, during his press conference, offered Florida Democrats some excellent advice. He said they must "work together"....

He also called attention to the fact that he moved his announcement timetable ahead because Florida Democrats are planning a dinner ....

* * *

From the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune, *Nov. 14, 1969*

BAD, GOOD NEWS

The announcement by Florida's senior U. S. Senator Spessard Holland that he will retire at the end of his present term is bad news for some and good news for others.

* * *

From the Miami Beach (Fla.) Sun, *Nov. 14, 1969*

SENATOR SPESSARD HOLLAND

Although this newspaper has not always agreed with the ideas and approaches of Sen. Spessard Holland, it is genuinely saddened by his planned departure....

* * *

From the Lakeland (Fla.) Ledger, *Nov. 17, 1969*

A LIFETIME OF SERVICE

"The Lord doesn't make many men like him." The words are those of a Polk County political figure of considerably less political stature than the man to whom he was referring. United States Senator Spessard Holland.

* * *

From the Miami (Fla.) Herald, *Nov. 13, 1969*

POOR HEALTH TO FORCE HOLLAND OUT OF SENATE

Then he read a prepared statement, keeping control of his voice all the way through. At the door and in the reception room outside, the women on his staff were crying quietly.

Angina attacks result from fatty deposits in the arteries leading to the heart. Discomfort usually occurs when exercise, emotion or even a heavy meal causes the heart to speed up, forcing an increased amount of blood through the partly plugged arteries.

"He's the sort of man you can't slow down," Mrs. Ruth Fisher, Holland's personal secretary, said. "For a while I got him to take a nap every afternoon, but he wouldn't keep it up. He thinks he has to be busy all the time."

* * *

From the Lakeland (Fla.) Ledger, *Nov. 17, 1969*

SEN. HOLLAND'S CAREER SPANS HALF A CENTURY

Last Wednesday afternoon, Sen. Holland, who can still shoot a turkey on a hunting trip, stepped out of politics. It was a recent attack of angina that made the senator bow out....

Holland served eight years in the Florida Senate before he ran for Governor in 1940. And just maybe he won in the May primary because of a black tie.

On election day, Tom Session, a 70-year-old Negro handyman at an Emory University fraternity house sent Holland a telegram. Session said Holland should wear a black tie on election day, because it would bring him good luck. Holland did his undergraduate work at Emory.

* * *

From the Palm Beach (Fla.) Post, *Nov. 13, 1969*

SPESSARD HOLLAND: A QUIET MAN IN POLITICS

Maybe Spessard L. (Lindsey) Holland, when he retires from the U. S. Senate in January 1971, will devote more time to bird watching.

He has taken credit for rescuing the Cross-Florida Barge Canal project when it had been scuttled by the House Appropriations Committee in 1963.

The canal, now about one fourth finished and which to date has cost $40 million, has been challenged in federal court....

While governor of Florida, Holland lists the following as the greatest accomplishments during his administration:

Lowering the intangible tax from five to two mills.

* * *

And after the press came the storm, as the solons commenced to roar.

Mr. ERVIN, Mr. President. As I view the closing days of the 91st Congress, I have two great regrets in respect to the approaching retirement from the Senate of our great friend, Spessard L. Holland.

One of these regrets is personal in nature. I have had the rare privilege of sitting just behind Spessard in the Senate Chamber for a number of years.

He has exemplified what a public servant should be, one of whom we can say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mr. JORDAN of North Carolina. I rise on an occasion like this not to say good-bye but to say so long for a short period of time....

I knew I could trust him all the way....

Mr. PASTORE. If anyone should ask me what it takes to make the whole man, I would readily say without hesitating, "Look at Spessard Holland." He is a gentleman in all seasons....

Mr. AIKEN. As far as I am concerned, I would like him to remain as a member of the Senate for the next 100 years.

Mr. RUSSELL. Mr. President, it is a distinct pleasure for me to join the encomiums expressing respect and affection for our beloved colleague, the senior Senator from Florida.

Senator Holland comes from a farming family and is basically a man of the soil.

Mr. STENNIS. I express my best wishes also to his wonderful wife, Miss Mary, as I call her....

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. I first heard about Spessard Holland when he was Governor of Florida, 25 years ago. I was a welder in the shipyards, living in Tampa.

Mr. HOLLAND. I would not want anybody to think that I am other than humble and other than understanding of the courtesy of the Senate and that I realize that many, many of these statements have been overgenerous.

Mr. FULBRIGHT. Mr. President, for 24 of the 25 years I have served in the Senate it has been my pleasure to be....

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, all of us in public life must accept the march of time and anticipate the day....

Mr. SPARKMAN. Mr. President, I wish to join with my colleagues in the Senate in paying tribute to Spessard Holland who is voluntarily retiring from the Senate.

Mr. McGOVERN. Mr. President, I am grateful for this opportunity to express a few words....

I shall miss Senator Holland and his lovely wife Mary.

AMEN

The Political Wastrels

John Moscow

At the time of Eugene McCarthy's fling into national politics many people thought that they were viewing the birth of a new political phenomenon, a portend of changes in the national political system. His nomination drive was viewed by many as the backbone of an anti-war movement dominated by students which, if it could not select the President in 1968 would at least serve as the base for a successful drive in 1972. Two years after the McCarthy campaign's high water mark in the spring of 1968 many of the same students were responsible for the Earth Day celebration that brought "ecology" into the everyday vocabulary of the American voter. Again pundits predicted that the new student movement would effect substantial changes in the way Americans run their country. At the time of the invasion of Cambodia and the shooting of students at Kent State and Jackson State colleges it seemed to many that a nationwide wave of student revulsion might seriously affect the composition of the new Congress, and make it more amenable to "the needs of the people," The "Youth Movement" was coming of age, we were all told, as campuses from New England to California set up centers of communications, presumably so that the campuses could talk to each other about how wonderful everything was that they were doing.

Kent State should be viewed, not as the birth of a student movement, but as its swan song. The circumstances that led to

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the creation of nation-wide network of students was relatively difficult to reproduce, and yet the actions of the last few years effectively destroyed the nation-wide student movements so that the entire creative process will have to be gone through again if a student movement is to attain any vitality.

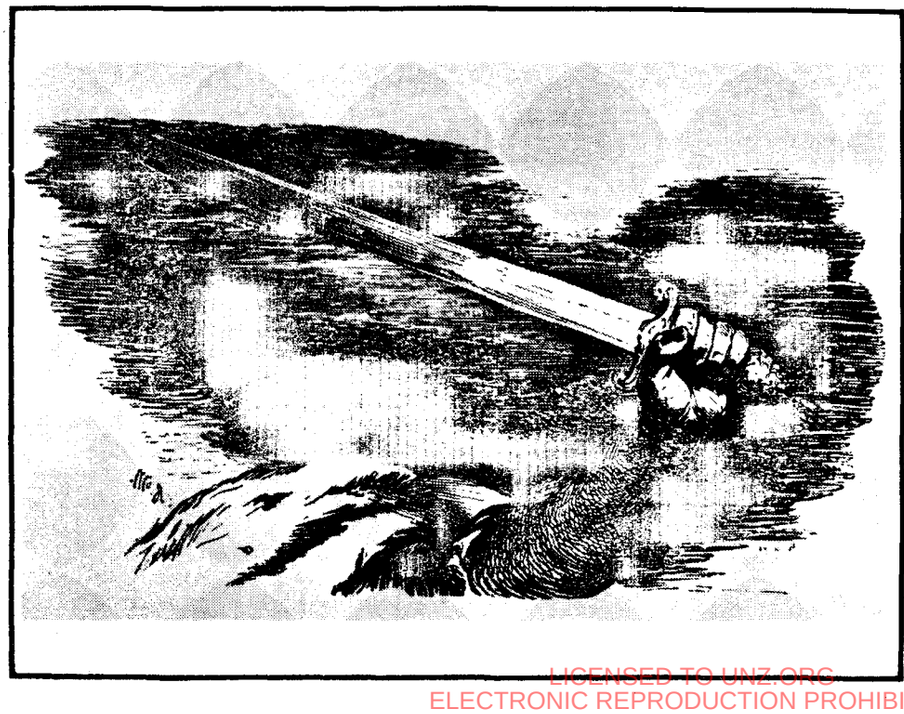
Youths were exceptionally active in politics during the 1960's. There were the Freedom Riders of the early 1960's, the Mississippi Summer project in 1964, the early activities for greater academic freedom and personal liberties on the campuses all during the decade, culminating in the abolition, on many campuses, of all rules barring student-invited speakers and regulating students' personal lives. Students in the Students for a Democratic Society, (SDS) when that organization consisted of people who believed in the idea represented by the name, did much to increase the political awareness of their more politically apathetic colleagues. But by a few months after the sending of American troops in large numbers to South Vietnam student opposition to the war began to grow. Over the summer of 1967 graduate student deferments were abolished, and student opposition grew ever more rapidly. Except for the SDS, which by this point was virulent in its anti-Americanism, however, and for the National Student Association (NSA) and the Collegiate Press Service (CPS), there were no nationwide groups opposing the war, and both the NSA and the CPS were doing so more at the local level than at the national.

Over the summer of 1967 the radicals took control of the CPS, but lost it to a bitterly antiwar, but anti-radical group at the summer convention. With their defeat the radicals established the Liberation News Service, but split the ranks of the college editors, almost all of whom were anti-war, and ready to politicize their campuses on the issue. The damage to CPS was not readily apparent, as all the editors were in essential agreement, but it became more obvious as the war faded as an issue and doubts crept in as to what should be run in the college papers.

That same summer the NSA split, in a move that has essentially destroyed the organization. The NSA had lost a number of conservatives when it established the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee in the early Sixties, but it had weathered that loss fairly well. In 1966-67 however, the story of NSA's funding by the CIA broke, and the students who assembled at the summer convention were very much disturbed about the state of the nation, and the course it was pursuing. The best of them had not lost faith in the democratic process, but were wondering how it could serve them. They were told how by Allard Lowenstein, a former NSA president, who chose the summer convention as the kick-off spot for his "Dump Johnson" movement--the movement that was later converted into the McCarthy campaign. Lowenstein started by recruiting Sam Brown, then a Harvard divinty student, who had just been defeated for NSA President and was looking for something to do. Brown in turn picked up his staff at the congress, or some weeks later when the details were worked out. Brown and company went on to reach out for help to their acquaintances on the many college campuses, using their NSA experience to develop an amazingly successful campaign, and a strong political force.

As happens with issue oriented campaigns, however, the youth movement that Brown built has collapsed. The enthusiasm and idealism that motivated the students originally couldn't be maintained in the face of daily routines and political stagnation. Worse than the destruction of Brown's movement, however, was its effect on the NSA. The students most interested in creating a student movement either went into Brown's campaign, or were driven out of NSA as too conservative, in fairly short order. The Congress that followed the start of the "Dump Johnson" movement was almost lunatic in its politics; Lowenstein, the "deliverer" of a year before, was denounced and booed when he spoke for selling out to the Establishment. Since then the NSA, still bereft of any organizational ability has gone from bad to worse, so that today it represents nothing to anyone.

Other groups are similarly in trouble. The Young Democrats never did represent much, but they systematically disestablished themselves in 1968, rather than support the regular Democratic nominee for President. The Young Republicans are strong on some campuses, but the political in-fighting for spoils seems to occupy them more than recruiting new members. The SDS was destroyed at its 1969 national convention.



It is difficult to see where the leadership of any student movement will arise until a new, non-ideological student movement is created. The NSA had the advantage of bringing together students from different political views, with different political styles from different parts of the country, and making them accomodate each other. Without a student organization that is national in scope each student movement will stick to locally appropriate tactics that may repel people elsewhere in the nation, discouraging progress on issues. More important, without a national organization there is no effective way a student leader can reach the student leaders at other campuses. The infrastructure of the liberal student movement, which had been built up since the late 1940's, was destroyed in the McCarthy campaigns and the subsequent efforts of the same group.

Even without a national group bringing people together there will still be national student movements. After all the "student generation" in America changes very quickly, but is quite rich, exceptionally mobile, and replete with leisure time. It is subject to a great deal of faddishness, so that the pressing issue of today becomes passe tomorrow, as the sophomores become juniors and "outgrow" the issues of maintaining a favorable ecology for mankind, or of peace and war. One year the student movement was interested in pot, the next in politics, then in ecology, now perhaps in heroin, or in the arts, or in anything else not connected with the "real" world.

In many ways the student movement in America is a dangerous force, for it acts as a mob, with all the rationality of a beheaded chicken, the insistence of a spoiled child, and the ferocity of a wounded tiger. The speed with which the NSA was willing to denounce their erstwhile hero Lowenstein for selling out was dramatic evidence of the loyalty of students in politics. More than any labor union member whose selfishness and bigotry they denounce the students ask each candidate "What have you done for me lately?" and only those politicians with exceptional mental and ethical elasticity stay very long in their favor.

The McCarthy campaign, together with the Earth Day celebration and the Kent State and Jackson State incidents should be viewed as a triumph of the ad hoc organizers over the people who believe in organization. The traditionalists either left for their crusade, as in Sam Brown's case, or were driven out later. In their place came those students interested in a one-shot endeavor, willing to destroy the organization they were in to achieve their ends. They achieved the destruction of their organizations, but without getting the goals they wanted. Whether those are still obtainable following the bankruptcy of the student movement only time will tell. But

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there are parallels on which one can draw for analogies. The plight of the New York State Democratic Party is perhaps the best of these.

Ten years ago a small wave of "reform" became monstrously large as the "reformers" entered politics determined to destroy the evil "boss" of New York politics, Carmine DeSapio. DeSapio was destroyed, but with only one exception other than in Presidential years the party has lost every election since then. The one-issue people came into the party, defeated the regulars, and drove them out. They then left the party themselves, finding the daily routine of yeararound political organization being too time-consuming. Just as the New York Democratic Party was destroyed when the people who stayed in year-in and year-out left, so too the youth movement was debilitated. The youth movement has the advantage of faster generational turnover, but there are no signs that any period of rebuilding is scheduled.

In a sense it is particularly ironic that one of the last major operations of the student movement should have been in the field of ecology. For the students themselves, over the past five years, have acted like nothing so much as a group of get-rich-quick artists who, not satisfied with a small and steady profit on an investment, insist on ravaging the natural resources of the territory they are in without regard to the future, in the hope of a quick killing. They destroyed the territory, but failed to get their killing; it remains to see if others can restore matters to their once high potential. □

Mr. Moscow, a graduate of the Collegiate School and the University of Chicago, is currently studying law at Harvard. He is a club house Democrat and firm believer in the Boss System.

The Importance of Being Jewish

The Jewish Mystique

By Ernest van den Haag
Stein and Day, $5.95

Like most Jews, I love to read—like most everyone, I love to read about myself. This double passion for 1) reading and 2) self-examination sends me off in the direction of the nearest bookstore whenever I happen upon a review or announcement of a new "book about the Jews." Weekly perusal of the national best seller lists has led me to conclude that I am far from alone in these habits. Week after week, one finds that a majority or at least a large minority of the books so listed are either by or about Jews. It may well be that Jews make up the single largest group among the American reading public—a remarkable possibility when one considers that only three percent of our population is Jewish. We do know that the State of Israel boasts the highest per capita book sales in the world. From the figures available, it is clear that the Israelis devour books with the same ferocity with which the Arabs would like to devour the Israelis.

The result of all this has been a continuous flood of books of Jewish interest—some excellent, some ghastly, most of only passing interest. Lately there have appeared so many works belonging in the last two of these categories, that I was hardly prepared for what I found between the covers of **The Jewish Mystique**. I opened the book as a skeptic; I review it as a convert. It is compact, to the point, occasionally truly original, often insightful, very often highly amusing, and always absorbing. It is written with a sympathetic understanding of its human subject which may be accounted for by the author's psychoanalytic training—or simply by his essential humanity and goodwill which shine from every page of the book, yet never cloud his vision nor lessen his objectivity.

Dr. Van den Haag begins his study with a short yet comprehensive discussion of Jewish character, religion, and history. He observes, correctly, that all three are inseparably intertwined and he clearly knows his subject when he writes:

> The endogenous Jewish self-image, carefully cultivated in a lifelong process of education, remained strong enough to vouchsafe survival and self-respect. The essence of it was that God had chosen the Jews for a special destiny which required their suffering and absolute fidelity to the laws He had given . . . . Survival—survival as Jews—for millenia was their first priority. For that they suffered; for that they bore burdens no slave could be lashed or bribed into bearing; for that they underwent toil which no pleasure or pain addressed to the senses would lead one to undergo. For that, they survived.

Here, as elsewhere, Van den Haag rises to his subject and offers us heroic writing for a heroic theme. But, he is also perfectly capable of using humor to make his always telling points. In his chapter on "Why Anti-Semitism," we find the following conversation:

> "Everything that is rotten in the world," said the anti-Semite to the Jew, "is the fault of the Jews."
> "That's true," said the Jew with great conviction. "You're absolutely right. The Jews and the people who eat bananas."
> "Why the people who eat bananas?"
> "Why the Jews?"

But, he does not dismiss anti-Semitism with a joke—or even with a simple description of its various manifestations. True to his psychoanalytic calling, he offers an analysis—introductory and generalized, to be sure, but strikingly accurate as far as it goes—of the psychological roots of this irrational hate-projection which has so long afflicted the western world.

Elsewhere in the book, Dr. Van den Haag deals with the potentially explosive question of whether Jews are more intelligent than other people. His most interesting remarks in this regard deal with genetic continuity and patterns of breeding. He points out that for a period of perhaps one thousand years, the best minds in the Christian world entered the priesthood; pledged to celibacy, they failed to reproduce, thus impoverishing the gene pool and lowering the general intelligence level of Christian Europe. Meanwhile, back in the ghetto, the best Jewish minds, entering the rabbinate and heeding the Divine command to "be fruitful and multiply," did just that and enriched the Jewish community with great numbers of intellectually superior offspring—this, steadily raising the average Jewish I.Q. level. Van den Haag concludes that "if Jews had deliberately decided to breed children so as to maximize genetic intelligence, they could not have done much better."

Having dealt with the sensitive issue of Jewish intellectual superiority, the author moves on to a question of almost equal volatility—that of the Jews and the radical left. His psychological treatment of the question of Jewish political behavior is as clear, as honest, and as accurate as any I have ever read. He is careful to define the exact nature of the problem:

> Although few Jews are radicals, very many radicals are Jews: out of one hundred Jews, five may be radicals, but out of ten radicals, five are likely to be Jewish. Thus it is incorrect to say that a disproportionate number of Jews are radicals but quite correct to say that a disproportionate number of radicals are Jews.

Why are so many radicals Jewish? Van den Haag tells his readers, but I will not tell you. This question is sufficiently perplexing to thoughtful conservatives to cause many of you to buy **The Jewish Mystique** to find out the answer. And because I want you to have the pleasure of reading this book, I will not relieve you of the need to do so by spilling the beans here.

The one serious flaw in this book may be the chapter on "Jews and Sex" which might be sub-titled "Freud takes a bad trip." It contains a perfectly ridiculous—and completely, though unintentionally, hilarious—psycho-sexual analysis of the causes for Jewish dominance in the brassiere and corset industry. The value of this chapter and its subject matter can be summed-up in the same words: a bust!

Van den Haag concludes his book with a lament for the "vanishing Jews" of America. His statistics on Jewish rates of intermarriage (rising) and birth (declining) will give pause to readers concerned with Jewish survival; but, at the same time, it is difficult to imagine that a people who resisted and outlasted Nineveh, Babylon and Rome will finally be destroyed by Scarsdale.

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But, regardless of what the future holds, there are certainly enough Jews around at the moment to make this book a best-seller—and if the Jews don't do it, the gentiles will, because "you don't have to be Jewish to enjoy" Van den Haag's **The Jewish Mystique.** Pick it up and, in the deathless words of Jennie Grossinger, "hearty appetite!"

Michael Kogan

Michael S. Kogan is a graduate fellow in religious philosophy at Syracuse University. His educational background includes Columbia University, The Jewish Theological Seminary of America and The New School for Social Research where he was a member of the faculties of Religion and English Literature. He is Editor-in-Chief of IDEAS, a quarterly of conservative Jewish thought and has written for various publications including The New Guard and National Review.

It Was the Devil in Me

Conversations with Americans

By Mark Lane
Simon and Schuster, $6.95

The reading of Mark Lane's latest exposé has left me so overwhelmed with its perversion that it all seems a nauseous bore. The only similar experience that comes to mind is an evening I once spent at a carnival burlesque show in the back woods of Alabama. This is not an entirely accurate analogy however, because being a country boy the skin show was a source of academic enrichment; a claim that Lane's book certainly can't make. The show's performers were also much more convincing in their theatrics than is Lane in his.

His apparent intention is to discredit the U.S. military establishment (What's new?) and everyone who has ever served in Viet Nam. His only original contribution (at least all that he admits to authoring) is the introduction. He sets aside the rest of the book for the testimony of thirty-two Viet Nam veterans whom he traveled far and wide to interview (alas, even to Sweden for many of them).

In his introduction Lane explains that when American soldiers arrive in Viet Nam they are given an orientation lecture warning that the enemy is everywhere. To this he adds, "Children may indeed carry weapons and booby traps do abound and much of the atmosphere is hostile. The lectures, however odious, are neither irrelevant nor entirely inaccurate within the confines of the war and it's objectives. It is the war and its objectives, not the lectures that explain them, that constitute the evel." Now there is a nice bit of logic. He admits that the enemy's tactics are treacherous and then PRESTO! in the flash of an eye our objectives in the war are evil. Reasoning such as this can only be the product of a mind sequestered by Liberalism.

With much the same rationale Lane concludes that acts of atrocity are committed by our forces in Viet Nam with regularity. He then explains that the Viet Cong patriots and their Northern allies would never consider using such tactics. Since their existence is dependent upon civilian support any policy of mass terror would be "suicidal". (Shame about the thousands of peasants who jumped in those holes and pulled the dirt in over their heads near Hue in 1968.) Having always thought that mass terror was the modis operendi of Communist guerillas I naturally began to harbor doubts about Mr. Lane's integrity, indeed even his intelligence. But having noted that he had included quotes from the **New York Times** in his introduction I figured he must be an intellectual and know what he was talking about, so I trudged on.

Taking only two pages to ascertain that we were committing atrocious acts in an evil war with evil objectives Lane gets to the task at hand. He now studies the plight of the young American entering the service. "Last week, somewhere in the Midwest, he took his girl for a walk and bought her a soda at the local emporium. In six months he may be murdering unarmed women and children in Viet Nam. How does the military accomplish this transformation?" (At this point I could have saved Mr. Lane the next 236 pages by explaining that any man who merely walks his girl down to the emporium for a soda before running off to war could be suspect for anything.)

In order to document his thesis that our forces in Viet Nam are murderers, rapists and plunderers and so instructed by the military commanders Lane interviews thirty-two Viet Nam veterans who prior to their military indoctrination were all-American boys. (Of course the best of the lot are now all-Swedish boys.)

Those interviewed go to great lenghts to explain how the military trains its men to be killers. They are forced to yell "Kill!" and even brainwashed into thinking that killing "Gooks" is fun. One Drill Instructor reportedly even told his trainees that when they got to Viet Nam they could rape all the Vietnamese women they wanted without fear of punishment. (I know of at least three G. I.'s presently serving a twenty-five years on the rock pile who would likely dispute this.) So complete is their "Kill" indoctrination that one Marine reported that Stateside Marines were never assigned to riot duty because it was feared that they would start killing the rioters in wholesale fashion. (In view of the past activities of Lane and his ideological brethren it is easy to understand how revelations such as this would be just cause for considerable concern.)

All thirty-two veterans tell basically the same story. We are told of the barbaric treatment they received in basic training by deranged Drill Instructors. Once in Viet Nam they go to great lenghts to describe the execution of every hideous act known to man and then some. They all either participated in, witnessed or heard about these incidents. The stories run the gamut from executing their own officers in the field to the torture and murder of children.

Fairly typical are the experiences of a black ex-Marine from Nashville, residing of late in Stockholm, by the name of Terry Whitmore. Mr. Whitmore had wanted to join the Navy but was told there was a long waiting list. So facing the draft and not wanting to be in the Army he joined the Marines. He doubted that the waiting list for the Navy ever existed. Being an unbiased reporter in search of the truth Mr. Lane then asks, "Did it ever occur to you that the recruiter did not want you because you were black?"

In Whitmore's Marine boot training recruits were beaten, forced to yell "Marines are killers" and taught that the Vietnamese were subhuman.

With the Marines in Viet Nam every day was My Lai. Marines killed old ladies, children, water buffalo, even other Marines. They burned and plundered villages stealing everything of value.

After being wounded Whitmore was sent to Can Ram Bay where LBJ pinned a medal on him during his visit there.

Then on to a hospital in Japan and an anti-war Japanese girlfriend. When it appeared that he was headed back to Viet Nam young Whitmore took leave to Sweden where today he is a successful middle class citizen living in an apartment and driving a tow motor for a local furniture factory.

After reading all of the sick stories told by these victims of the U.S. Military machine the obvious question comes to mind. Why did they save their stories for Mr. Lane's exclusive use? The acts they describe are all blatant violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. All of the services have Inspector Generals whose job it is to investigate such allegations. Should they get no satisfaction through military channels it is obvious that there are many politicians and newsmen who would love to be privy to such scandal. The remorse expressed by many of the participants is also a little hard to understand since it comes well after the fact.

If one were to grant Lane the concession of assuming that all of his interviews were factual (which I certainly don't) he still hasn't shed any light on the evilness of the U.S. objectives in the war. Instead he has documented the evilness of some of the war's participants which are hardly one and the same. He could likely find some equally gruesome tales in our prisons and asylums but this would hardly constitute an indictment against living in America.

If Lane has proven anything it is that we have some sick people in our society, some of whom find their way into the military. While this is common knowledge to most people, Lane needs 247 pages to make the point. While somewhat inflated at $6.95, Lane's book should provide fun reading for the sadists among us. It should also prove to be an excellent reference for those in the protest movement who have long used trash of this type as a foundation for their beliefs.

Michael McCollum

Michael McCollum, a Senior in the Indiana University School of Business, spent twelve months as an army helicopter pilot in Vietnam.

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System.** Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/ o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Brother Plunkitt:

I have been urged by certain of my colleagues to seek high public office, perhaps to run for Congress in 1972. All the issues I would run on are not yet clear in my mind. But, I am terribly disturbed over the state of family life in California and have come to be considered as somewhat of an expert on the organization of the family in modern America. How would you suggest I run my campaign, and should I proclaim myself a liberal or a conservative?

Peace,
Charles Manson

Dear Mr. Manson:

I have just finished my study of the new congress and devoted diligent attention to your congressmen from California. Unfortunately, I must inform you that I do not feel there is much future for you in politics in California. There simply exists no way you could distinguish yourself from the other California congressmen, and both Senator Tunney and Senator Cranston have preempted most of your proposals. Even Congressman Dellums seems to have anticipated your style. Thus, I suggest you turn to a career in the academy. Perhaps you could collaborate with Margaret Meade on a book about evolving American mores.

Incidentally, I am curious, when do you celebrate father's day?

---GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

During my heroic campaign for the Senatorcy in Illinois, I took to wearing a flag (American) on my lapel, everyone was doing it. I have now ceased and desisted from wearing said flag, and it seems to have caused a horrible scandal among my antagonists. They criticize my hypocricy. What do you think?

Warmly,
Adlai III Stevenson

Dear Mr. Stevenson:

I am glad that you have found sufficient time to write. However, I am surprised you ever began wearing any American flag on your lapel. When did clothiers begin putting lapels on under shirts.?

---GWP

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

We are not interested in receiving a free subscription to **The Alternative**. Please remove the College name from your list.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth L. Taylor
Dean
White Pines College
Chester, New Hampshire

Editor's note — a copy of the above letter has been forwarded to the FBI.

To the Editor:

I cheerfully accept the Philip Freneau Award of the Saturday Evening Club and the welcomed prospect of a free subscription to **The Alternative** magazine. I have read with appreciation and enjoyment the sample issue you sent me and am thoroughly persuaded that if the "revolution" can be conducted with more of the spirit which is evident on your pages, it will be a popular success.

Sincerely yours,
Nathan M. Pusey
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:

I today received 2 slightly tattered issues of **The Alternative** and being a card carrying repressor and hatemongerer, I desire to subscribe to your publication. Hence, enclosed is a $4.00 check.

Conservatively,
John Scully
St. Louis

To the Editor:

A friend told me to pick up your "journal" to see what "the other side" has to say. A couple of the articles in the January issue were interesting, but one in particular--George Nathan's editorial--disgusted me. His use of "irony" can only be described as sick, and I feel sorry for him. There is no place in a university for anyone who thinks like he does.

(Anonymous)
New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor:

While I cannot endorse or support every philosophy or every idea expressed in your November issue of "The Alternative," I do want you to know that I commend you and your associates and that I am delighted that there is something besides the underground press at work on the campus at Indiana. The thing I have feared most is that students who do not have as their aim either orderly or disorderly revolution have had no counterbalancing expression unified at student level. **The Alternative** suggests to me that there are young people on the campus who are not rolling over and playing dead at the continual attack made upon the values and the enlightened traditions of American society.

Obviously incumbent upon all of us, whether we be conservative or liberal, is that we be available to hear and listen to another man's viewpoint. The growing articulation of the conservative viewpoint is much needed in this country.

Very Cordially,
Eldon Campbell
Vice President and
General Manager
WFBM
Indianapolis, Indiana

Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell believe their thoughtful journal can demythologize social problems. Use this subscription blank to find out.

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EDITORIALS

(continued from page 2)

Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun discoursing on the most profound matters of democratic process--nay, on the very foundations of civilization--now sees the Rt. Hon. J. Caleb Boggs address himself to the subject of jelly fish. This is the Congress which brought the curtain down on the bittersweet Sixties and opened the mighty Seventies. And its passage prompts ineluctable reflections.

The Windy Ninety-First excited criticism from every species of Americano, and in this way served as an unerring barometer of the volatile state of our Republic. Conservatives murmur that it labored too energetically and from delusions of exigency. Liberals whine that its speed approximated that of the Great Glacier, and the ground crept across was all wrong. Its final weeks featured unrelieved chaos, as every solon exhorted passage of his own cherished boondoggle and a swarm of Democratic Senators began competing with one another to represent their party in the National Tall Tale Championships two years hence. From their tabernacles the intellectuals shrieked for reform and from the Capitol the honeyfoglers wailed for more gravy. There were spit fights in the Senate cloak room and the pervasive fear seized the nation that the Windy Ninety-First had not passed enough bills, all it had done was interdict cigarettes from television (causing a slight recession in the profitability of producing electronic swill) and enfranchise teenagers (causing no effect whatsoever).

Alas, amid all the pother, I believe we have lost sight of the most ominous aspect of the whole disgusting display. My fear is not that Congress passed too few laws nor simply that it spent money extravagantly, but what has set off whistles and bells in my cranium is that throughout the last two years those scoundrels of the Ninety-First schemed together for 700 days--at taxpayers' expense. They threatened a nation of relatively free men for almost two straight years--pausing only for one month during the summer when the heat of their rhetoric combined with the season's mugginess to overwhelm the Capitol's air conditioners.

Bearing in mind the abundance of bounders and cretins composing the Ninety-First, I am sure historians will consider it the darkest period for the American Democracy since the Civil War. Libertarians across the land were panicky, and I am told that the wisest astrologers trembled and personally guarded the Congressional buildings day and night, fearful that the overhead flight of even the smallest sparrow might set the whole delicate balance of the universe against this Republic.

Now some will dismiss my fears as the vagaries of a kook libertarian, but would they purr so if the nation's most successful Mafia leaders had just spent two years conspiring together practically immune to prosecution? Well, that is exactly what has occurred. And considering that the Ninety-First adjourned without a national budget deficit of over 19 billion dollars, nor a dollar erosion of over 5.5 percent nor a crime increase of more than 25 percent, I suppose there is reason to feel that the Great Republic got off easy. After all, habeas corpus is still alive, the Bill of Rights remains visible and national treasures such as the Washington Monument and Rose Kennedy are not yet deposited in Swiss Banks. But far from attributing this relative good fortune to the legislators' probity, I attribute it to their incompetence. At every opportunity our eminent Senators and Congressmen sank their muzzles ever deeper into the public trough. And it was all the handful of decent statesmen could do to restrain them from drowning themselves. Indubitably the country was imperiled, for it is an almost unassailable truism known round the world that while a legislature sits every citizen's wallet is in jeopardy, along with his wife, his children, and he had best keep an eye on the family cat. This is not to say that all legislatures put man's freedom and well-being on thin ice, but rather that all branches of government are at best an annoyance and given enough time--a bane.

Of course, politics, like cannibalism, is a tasteless subject. No person of quality gives it much attention and every brand of government is noxious. But the government least noxious is the one generally referred to disparagingly as conservative, for the conservative government never does very much and what it does do, it has been doing for so long that all intelligent fellows have learned to circumvent its impositions long ago.

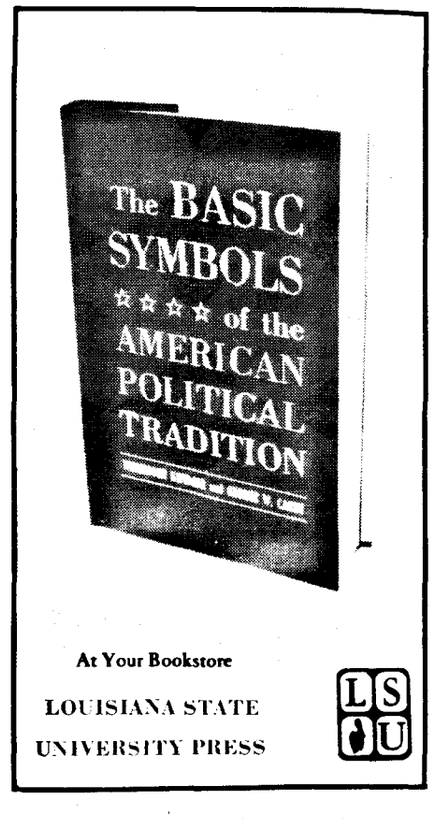
The most intolerable government is generally the government referred to as Liberal, a word--when used by intellectuals and news commentators--possessing a meaning roughly equivalent to the Hebrew word, kosher (fitting, right and proper) though a word utterly devoid of meaning to all intelligent persons. Liberalism's only constant characteristic, so far as I have been able to perceive, is a sincere disposition to muddle. The paradigmatic Liberal suspects that every individual achiever is superior to him and that every poor man is happier than he. He adores the good life and loathes the rich. He is a congenital busy-body and his favorite vehicle for snooping and pestering his betters is "social legislation."

It is "social legislation" which has made the Liberal government so dangerous, for not only is it the favorite device of the relatively innocent Liberal, it is also the favorite gimmick of thieves. The Liberal urges social legislation to free man of the burden of individual responsibility; the thief urges social legislation to free man of his purse. Additional benefits accrue to every proponent of social legislation, whether the man be a Liberal or a thief, because social legislation means more jobs for the politicos' footlings, more power for the politicos' ambitions, less money in the pocket of any private citizen who might get uppity, and more money in the politicos' greasy palm. Axiomatically, when the politicos' power increases, the decent man's power decreases. Every thinking man in the Republic realizes that the Federal Government is the most deficient instrument for relieving human misery available. One might more humanely relieve a social problem with a machine gun. Yet Liberals keep plugging for more snake root.

The politician's talent is for talking, and he should never undertake anything more ambitious than a public reading of the Manhattan telephone book. When he does attempt something grandiose, he generally fashions an abomination. No general could manage an army, nor could a businessman conduct a business, as a politician runs his government. If Grant had led his army as his political cronies had run his government or if Ford built automobiles in the way that his associates built candidates, we would all be sipping juleps today and driving buckboards.

Indeed, when politicians meet to legislate, decent thinking men should meet to pray. Whether the legislators are advocating enlightened treatment of jellyfish or some other minority group, the result is always disaster. Now that the nation's savants are urging reform to expedite the politicians work, storm warnings are up. The only reform that will ever improve our condition would be legislation to limit the amount of time allowed politicians to work their mischief. In the case of the Windy Ninety-First, one hour and twenty-five minutes would be cutting it pretty close.

George Nathan



Editorial II

When Certitudes turn to Platitudes

Last month my distinguished colleague, Mr. Nathan, edified us with one of his typically dispassionate and measured editorials, this time on the Scranton Report issued by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. I admired George's editorial and published it gladly, but with a wince. For in his insistence to give all sides a fair shake, I fear my gentle

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associate neglected one of the Report's most palpable deficiencies--its disregard for the aphorism that "ideas have consequences"--especially at the university.

With the universities throbbing from unrest, I should have thought the Scranton Report would have more meticulously investigated the ideas floating about universities and the devotion professors have for those ideas.

Now, we all know that the American university has, for many years, been the sanctified preserve of Liberalism. And if ideas do indeed have consequences, the Liberalism intoned by the professoriate must have held some consequences for the American university. What those consequences have been the campus commission never bothered with very much. I have neither the expertise nor the inclination to reflect on all the consequences that the Liberalism of university intellectuals has had on students, specifically enraged students. But, if my speculations suggest a connection between the state of ideas among professors and campus tumult, perhaps you will join me in finding the Scranton Report remiss for not devoting the same intensity of concern for the university's ideas as for the "emerging" student's pilosity.

Liberalism has weathered much unjustified execration from the radicals in recent years. Contrary to incontinent leftists, Liberalism is not the rhetorical armor of Imperial America. It is a humane system of thought which attempts to expand individual opportunity by way of governmental ministrations. Through the years it has picked up other "good causes," but in advancing this slender definition I have conveyed enough of Liberalism's meaning to demonstrate that the anti-institutional New Left is antagonistic to Liberalism. Those students who seasonally gather to "unrest" the university have, in fact, completely rejected Liberalism. They reject its ideas and they loathe its ideals. In the scholarly organizations, New Left scholarship deliberately takes issue with Liberal certitudes. Their New Politics will either take command of the Democratic Party or they will split from that party and destroy it. It is not Goldwater Republicanism they rail at so much as Liberalism, and when they bomb Harvard or Wisconsin, they bomb Liberalism's shrines. But why is Liberalism now being mugged by its ideological progeny? Why have Liberalism's ideas come upon such awful consequences? And why are Liberals so reluctant to defend their ideas?

Well, of course, one purely unexpected reason is that the Liberal professors have not really attended too closely to their own disciples. Those unencumbered by research have been busy altering the skyline of American society in an extraordinary post-war building boom which turns many a sleepy hollow into a cosmopolitan city-state almost overnight. But this has more to do with the distortion of ideas than with transmission of ideas.

The fundamental reason that the ideas of humane Liberalism have conduced to such illiberal unrest is that the Liberal professors simply do not have much confidence in what they are teaching. This century has burned out a lot of ideologies; Liberalism too has felt the heat (often self-generated by its own eschatological indifference or confusion.) The nationalism of the past now portends cataclysms too horrible to behold. The Marxism which so comforted the intellectuals in the Thirties frayed a little during the Moscow Trials. By midcentury it was threadbare, and even such journals as **Dissent** have lost their luster today. As for religion, the last western religion possessed of a world vision--Roman Catholicism--has lost its drive and loosed its hold on the hearts of its followers. Today it lies broken on the anvil of its own skeptics. And what of Liberalism, the ideology that so often saw itself the vanquisher of these defunct visions? During the post-war period, as Edward Shils has written in **The Sewanee Review**:

> The ideals of the European Enlightenment have quietly reasserted their validity without arousing intellectuals to passion on their behalf. It was from the ideals of bourgeois liberalism that they had turned away in the great long wave of political enthusiasm which the Russian Revolution of 1917 had raised to a flood. Now that they have come back to these ideals, they have come back soberly, circumspectly, and with moderation.

Now that Liberalism has come under the assault of its own children, the intellectuals do not possess the sinew to defend it. Liberalism, like most of the other traditions of western civilization, no longer enjoys the intellectuals' confidence. It is sort of agreed upon, but no longer vital. This easy-going infidelity--even more than Liberalism's inanities--has made massive student unrest inevitable. After this century's second great war, the certitudes of the past have lost their magic.

A consequence of this which only worsens the intellectuals' thewlessness is that their antagonists are preaching a salvationary religion, and as Max Weber has said, such religions attract social strata in decline. In Weber's day handicraftsmen and small enterprisers were in decline. Today it is the liberal arts professor. In this palmy era of technicians and engineers, who needs literature professors, especially literature professors who do not feel Chaucer calculably more relevant than LeRoi Jones?

The characteristic Liberal professor is a devotee of moral relativism, and if one is a relativist, one does not affirmatively profess Beethoven grander than the Jefferson Airplane or Elio superior to Jerry Rubin. Every value is relative, and for some reason, nothing seems worth achieving--or defending.

This skepticism over values has enervated most of our Liberal intellectuals. It is a rare Liberal who can even discuss a society's values without seeing all sorts of flashing red lights and caution signs. Values? Why let us be cautious about forcing our values on another? What one man values another may disdain. This is not to imply that I favor the enforcement of one's values on others. But, I do doubt that a democratic society can endure with neither a consensus on its values nor an intellectual defense of those values. Recently, Irving Kristol wrote to this society of dissipating values that the skepticism over values has begun "to upset and challenge the most ordinary decencies and civilities. People do not know what they ought to think about relations between the sexes, about relations between parents and children, about relations between the citizen and his government."

At the university where people are supposed to know such things, professors reveal their knowledge only "soberly, circumspectly, and with moderation." Relativism is a potent influence. And there is a puckish charm about what is seen as an "emerging youth culture."

As Richard Weaver reminded us ideas have consequences as do the state of those ideas. It is to Liberal ideas and to the state of those ideas' adherents that the Scranton Report should have devoted more study. And, come to think of it, someone should have written a boring editorial on it.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

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CONTINUING CRISIS
(continued from page 2)

Richard B. Russell, Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee followed him on 21 January. But the controversial SST lived, as advocates of the supersonic transport reincarnated it during the last hours of the Ninety-First Congress. It survives in a $6.88 billion transportation bill good until March, 1971.

Television lost an estimated $220 million as the FCC's ban on cigarette advertising went into effect, and Mrs. Audrey Lewis of London, England electrocuted herself on a "home-made slim machine" invented by her mechanic husband. Death also visited the home of Mrs. Gladis Hardman of Pacific Grove, California when the 580 pound woman laid down for a nap and crushed herself. Dr. John D. Lord explained that the woman customarily slept sitting up, but had recently taken to sleeping on her back. "This wasn't good for her and the fat around her chest crushed her to death," explained the doctor. Efforts of eight firemen to get her into a pickup truck and to a hospital proved futile.

Yet the struggle for an eseptic environment continued, and its forces could take heart when it was announced by the Department of the Interior that grizzly

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bears are no longer threatened with extinction. An even rosier report arrived from the Geographic Society which revealed that the average honey bee gets about four million miles to a gallon of nectar. But the highlight of the month came when Dwight Koga and Myra Gross, who met in San Francisco while cleaning oil-soaked birds from that Standard Oil tanker spill, were married on 30 January.

As expected the six month trial of youth leader, Mr. Charles Manson, ended with the conviction of Mr. Manson and three female colleagues on twenty-seven counts of murder and conspiracy for the deaths of Sharon Tate and six of her party-going friends. When interviewed by the Los Angeles Times Mr. Manson's mother informed the nation that her son "...was real musical and had a real nice voice, so I gave him singing lessons. But then he got so conceited about his music that I made him stop the lessons, but he still sang special solos in church . . . ."

However not everyone's son sang in church and the son of a prairie preacher, George S. McGovern, said on 18 January that he would run for the presidency in a campaign resting on ". . . candor and reason." The fate of Cambodia and Laos remained in the balance as it was reported after a six day news blackout in the United States that allied troops were sweeping through northwest South Vietnam along the Laotian border. Senator Mansfield complained that his only source of news had been the Russian press which surprised many observers and was adjudged most unfortunate.

Finally, tragedy struck the family of Stewart L. Udall, former Secretary of the Interior, when Mr. Udall was arrested by officer Harry E. Sparshott for stealing a ninety-five cent package of Cuenta Ray cigars from the Dart Drug Store of McLean, Virginia. Thus it is increasingly apparent that the crisis is very real. As Mr. Udall said after being booked, fingerprinted, and mugged, "It's just incredible to me that this sort of thing can happen to an American (Mr. Udall resides in Virginia). I want the whole story told in court so people can see what can happen to an absent-minded person." Later it was reported that Mr. Udall convinced the plaintiff to settle the matter out of court. □

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Brayings from the Left

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." --Euripedes

HERBERT MARCUSE

You can't take this man (Spiro T. Agnew) seriously. He hasn't read my books. He knows nothing.

NEW REPUBLIC

The New Republic absolves itself of all guilt in this doleful line. Readers of **The New Republic** would never guess what philosophy has been monitoring the "thinking" for that last thirty years.

> ...we seem to be in one of those long periods when civilization, in decline, produces the kind of thinking appropriate to such decline.

Yet when is it that I have seen **The New Republic** celebrate itself as "the most influential journal in America"?

The New Republic sanely offers this bit of advice to bring us all together:

> The campuses **need** dissent and their share of disruption. If there were no tensions on campus there should be a commission established to create one. (There has been. Ed.)

Ever observant, **The New Republic** dutifully reports the astounding gall of the Middle Americano, to wit that he seems to want the money he is taxed for education to be spent on education rather than politicalization:

> ...Agnew's attacks are beginning to have a disabling effect on the academy itself. The most current counsel the universities are being given is to avoid being "politicalized."

Penetrating note on the Presidential wardrobe and high diplomacy as reported in **The New Republic**, organ of enlightened Liberalism.

> Then once upon a time and now Mr. Nixon clothes his views in a moralistic raincoat inherited from John Foster Dulles....No wonder Paris negotiations haven't got far.

CHICAGO TODAY

Report on progress in the British air force as appearing in the cosmopolitan **Chicago Today:**

> Brian Haywood of Britain's royal air force set a world's record recently for walking backwards 12 miles in 2 hours 46 minutes--and imagine, he's only a corporal. In Washington, that man could be a policy consultant.

GEORGE MC GOVERN

(in a fund raising letter)

The next few weeks may decisively affect the most urgent alternatives our country has faced since I entered public office.

THE NATION

The Nation's Southeast Asian correspondent Prince Sihanouk reports that the American government is up to its old tricks of red baiting again. By the way his dateline was that stronghold of free enterprise, Peking.

> For the readers of your esteemed magazine, I need not name the countries which the government of the United States has turned into satellites, on the grounds that Communism menaced democracy and liberty in those states....Yet when these peoples revolt, the propaganda apparatus of the United States treats them as Communists...The Cambodian people who remain loyal to their legal chief of state and who do not acknowledge the fascist and bloody dictatorship of the Lon Nol junta...are characterized as Communist by Washington propaganda.

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

Flexing his forensic muscle, an editor at **The Washington Monthly** previews the glorious result of a guaranteed income:

> If people don't have to work in order to survive, they won't accept demeaning treatment. (Golly, what will happen to masochists, liberal professors and administrators?—Ed).

NEW YORK TIMES

Al Featherston, director of Center for Dialogue:

> Black people are sick and tired of voting for crackers and participation in this jive political system.

Another magnificent blow for freedom is struck by the distinguished Congresswoman, Mrs. Rita (Fifi) Hauser. On marches the clown!

> MARRIAGES ARE URGED BETWEEN SAME SEXES - Special to The New York Times - St. Louis, Aug. 10--Mrs. Rita Hauser, the United States Representative to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, said today that laws banning marriages between persons of the same sex were unconstitutional.
>
> Speaking on "Women's Liberation and the Constitution" at a section meeting of the American Bar Association, Mrs. Hauser said that such laws were based on what she called an outdated notion that reproduction is the purpose of marriage. She argued that overpopulation had made this rationale outmoded.
>
> Limiting reproduction has now become the social goal, she said, "and I know no better way of accomplishing this than marriage between the same sexes."

Items We Would Like to Read in the **New York Times:**

> South Vietnam indicated tonight that it might not oppose international supervision of elections in North Vietnam if they were held under a coalition government--a government that the South Vietnamese are trying to promote in place of the present one in Hanoi.

rather than:

> North Vietnam indicated tonight that it might not oppose international supervision of elections in South Vietnam if they were held under a coalition government--a government that the Communists are trying to promote in place of the present one in Saigon.
>
> (NY Times 12-1-70)

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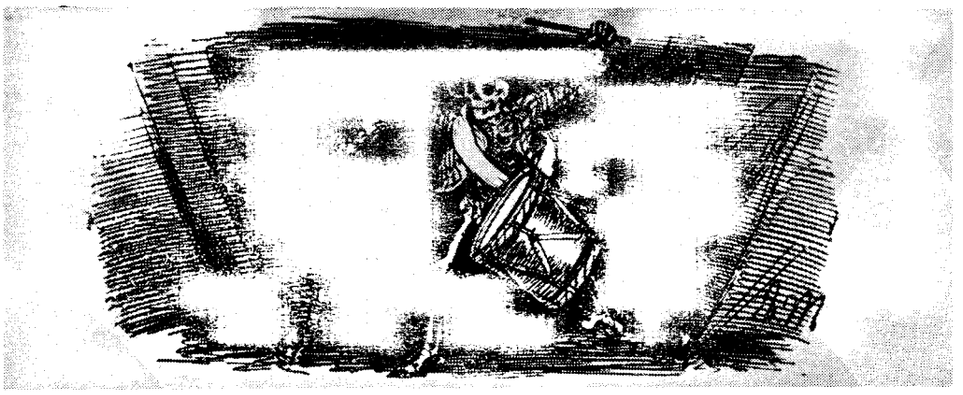

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